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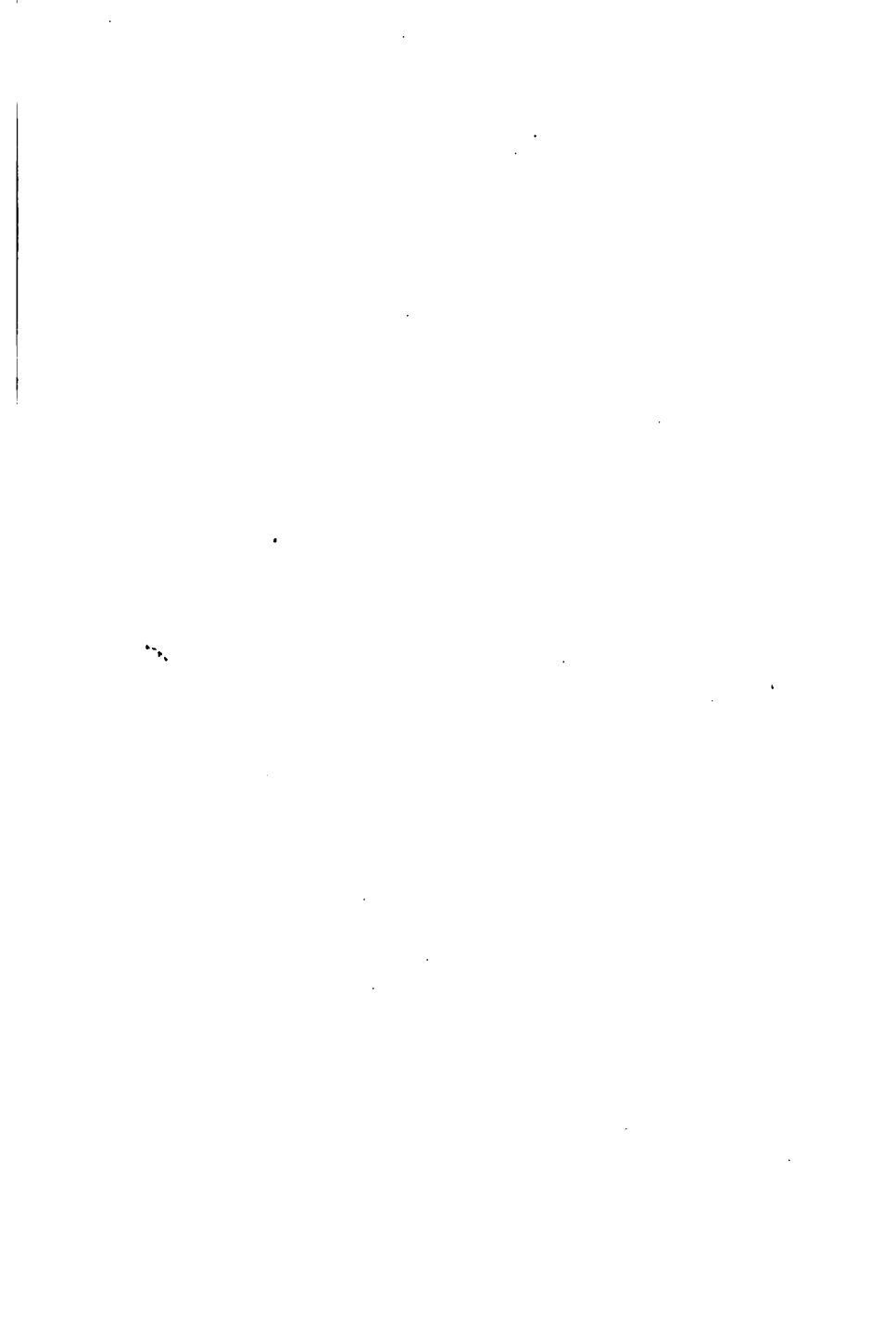
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THE RIDE HOME

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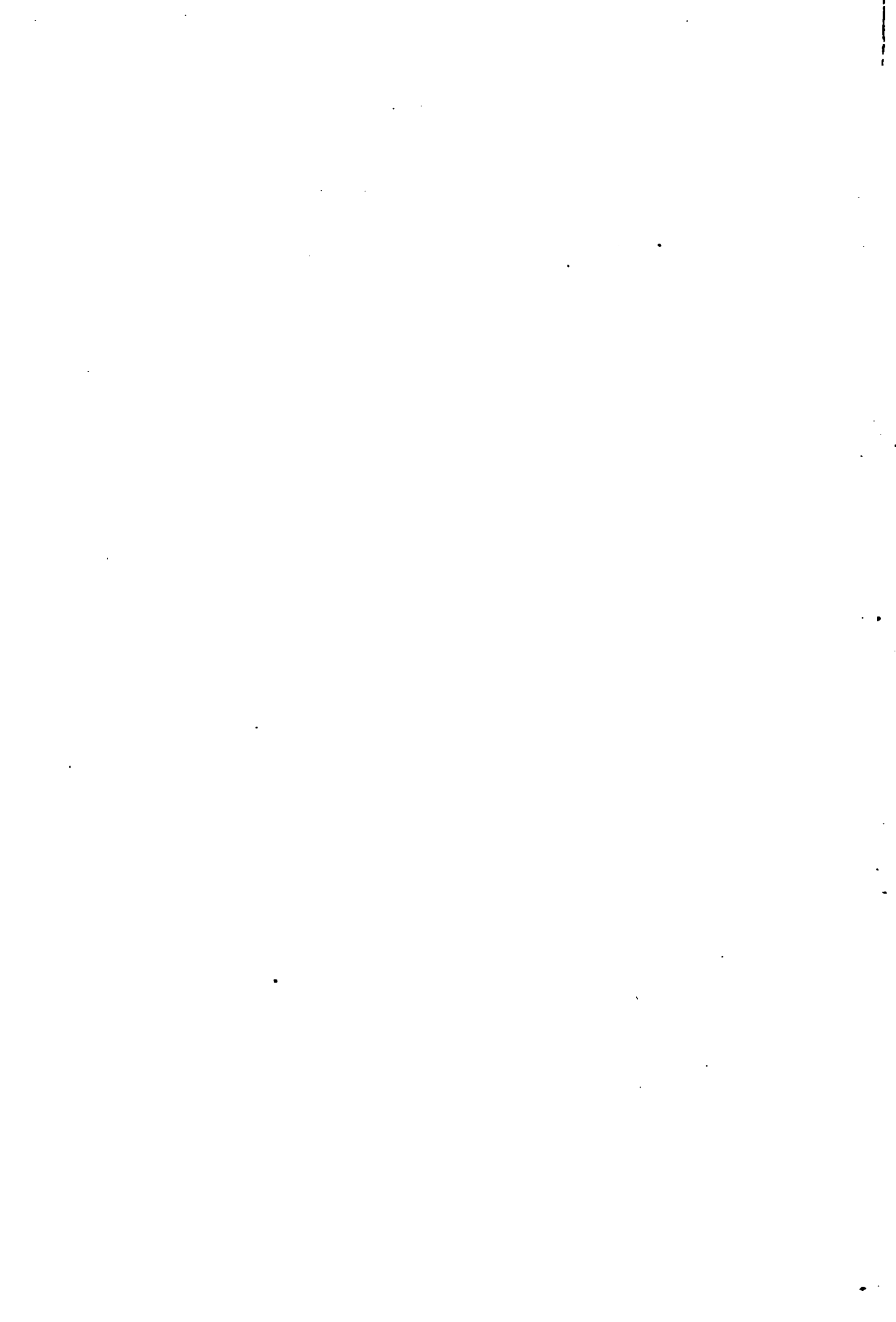




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***THE RIDE HOME***

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# THE RIDE HOME

Poems

WITH

The Marriage of Guineth

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS



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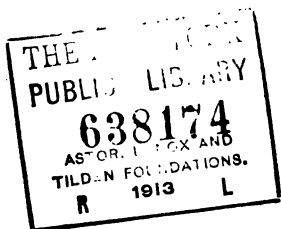
BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1913

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*Published November 1913*

NOV 21 1913  
NEW YORK  
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TO  
ONES WHO HAVE LED ME  
BY NEW PATHS AND OLD INTO PLACES OF BEAUTY  
WITHOUT WHICH THIS BOOK WOULD  
NEVER HAVE BEEN  
TO  
MOTHER, FATHER, WILFRID, CHRISTOPHER  
AND THE DEAR MEMORY OF  
MAUD  
THESE POEMS ARE GRATEFULLY  
DEDICATED

NEW YORK  
1913

*Knickerbocker, Nov. 23/3. P. 113*

ROY VAN  
JEN  
VAAU

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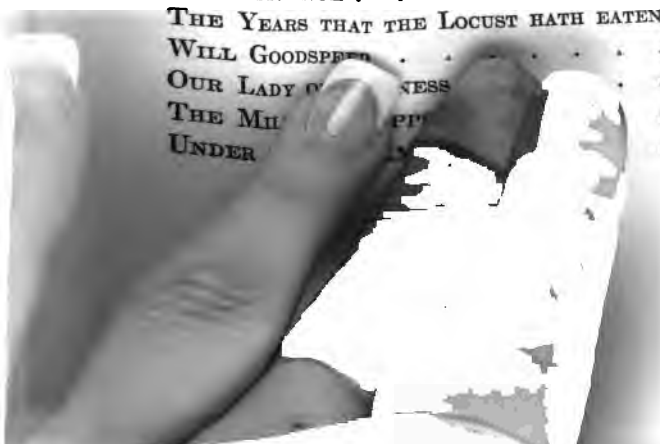
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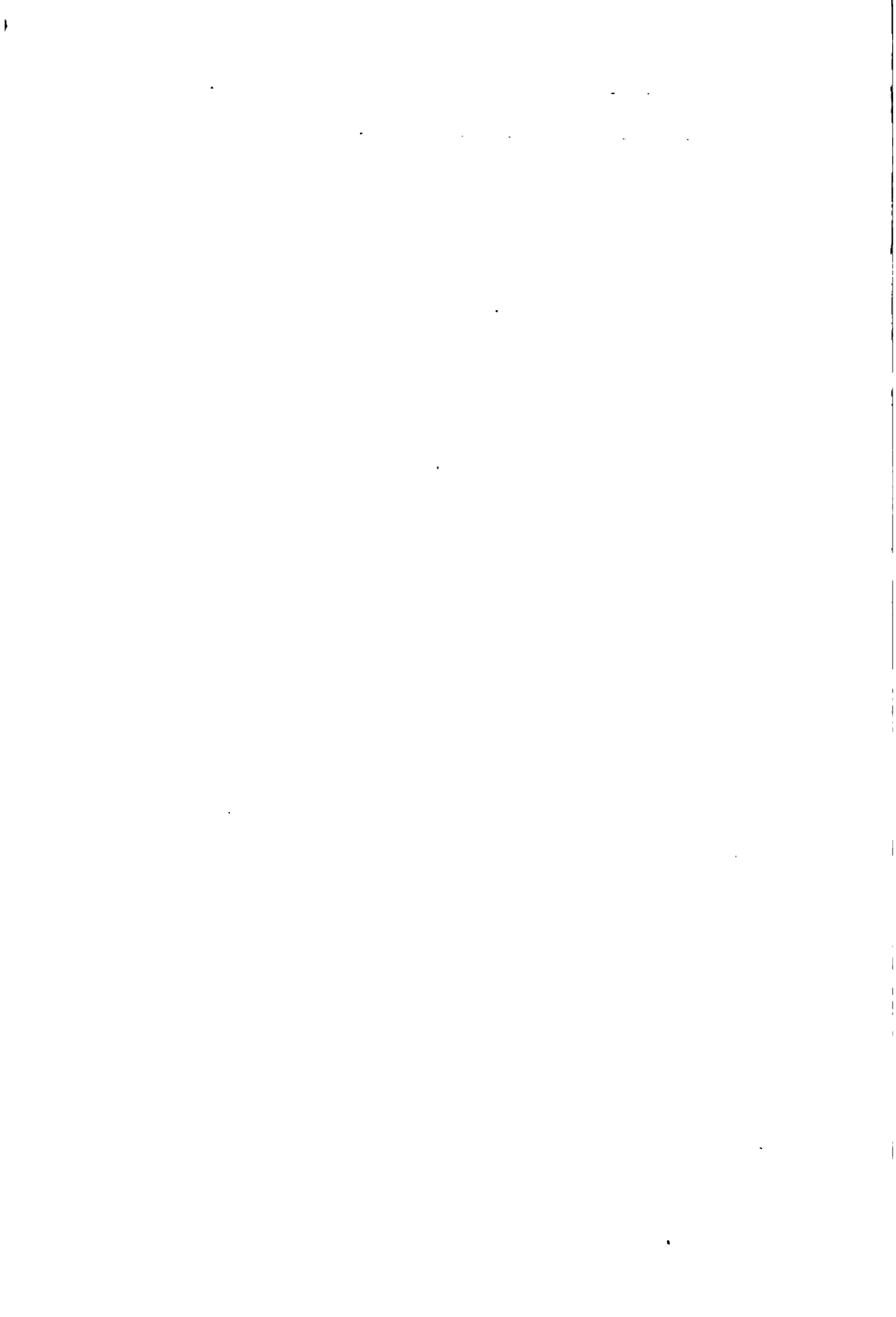
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---

***THE CITY***

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---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE ANGEL OF THE CORNICE**

(SKYSCRAPERS)

**L**ISTEN to me, ye creeping ants of men,  
Because of human hearts I snatched and slew,  
Because of blood poured out, because of blood,  
I am drawn close to you.

Listen, across the quivering sea of roofs  
Thousands of miles — that cry along the wires!  
Aerial signals, soundless waves of air  
Heavy with import, moan of steel-spun spires!

I brood above the costliness of the task  
Through which these human creatures fall consumed.  
Men, bow the head before their dizzying grave  
Whose valor and toil to such a death are doomed.

This is the harvest you have sowed;  
Your blood is mixed with mine, with mine;

---

**THE ANGEL OF THE CORNICE**

---

And I, who break you on my fiery wheel,  
Not Moloch am I, but divine, divine.

The pitiless Angel of the Mercenary?  
Nay, for I am too great,  
Lifting the vast hopes of the modern world  
As on the knees of fate.

I am Winged Victory at the prow,  
Oh ye who serve the God of force,  
Pilgrims that ride the deep with me,  
Ye, too, shall learn the love that is remorse.

---

*THE CITY*

---

CHILDREN OF THE BELATED LANDS

*They Cry from the Untaught Wilderness*

**G**REAT lady my country, look on us!  
Dark-eyed Georgia lost on the hills,  
And the lads of tawny Tennessee, —  
Cotton-white faces of babes at the loom,  
And the gray breaker-boys bent, knee to knee.  
Kind lady my country, look on us!  
As once you were, so now are we,  
Hewing our way in the wilderness.

Yellow beast-eyes in wondering rings  
Glare and watch us, the slant wood-things.  
Are they the only ones who care,  
Great lady my country? Yonder there  
Beyond the pines and the craggy knoll  
Goes the Song of the High-Road. It draws the soul.  
You have won outward to the light;  
We still are creatures of the night.



---

*CHILDREN OF THE BELATED LANDS*

---

Dear lady my country, it is far, far off,  
That Song of the great High-Road,  
And far are the feet of them that pass  
With guerdon of bread for us.  
We stretch our hands to take and eat,  
*But we cannot reach at all;*  
It is trampled under the horses' feet,  
*While we count the loaves as they fall.*

*They Cry from the Mines and the Mills*

Great lady my country, look on us!  
We have never been taught how the compass  
    points,  
Nor the way of the wind and the sun.  
We are lashed, hand and foot, to a crooked tree,  
And our mouths are gagged with factory dust;  
And when we are grown we are anciently shaped,  
And our blood is rust.

We are base and sodden with scowling brows,  
And we know the weapon of fear.  
We slink half-clad or in dirt we house,  
And our laugh is ugly to hear.  
Dear lady my country, we want to be strong,  
    And to walk like you.

---

*CHILDREN OF THE BELATED LANDS*

---

We want to be beautiful and tall.  
Will you help us, you,  
Our remote and lovely mother?

*They Cry Together*

Great lady our country, look on us!  
Like blind things creeping under the keel  
Are we,  
Or a submerged face  
While the ship sails on!  
Like dumb things tied to the chariot's wheel  
In the dust of the race,  
Dragged, aye, dead, ere the goal be won,  
Are we:

Dark-eyed Georgia lost on the hills,  
And the lads of tawny Tennessee, —  
Cotton-white faces of babes at the loom,  
And the gray breaker-boys bent, knee to knee,  
As once you were, so now are we,  
Pioneers of an untamed land.  
You have won outward to the light,  
We still are creatures of the night.  
Great lady our country, give your hand  
In token we, too, may understand.

**BROADWAY REMEMBERS HER CHILDHOOD**

**SISTERS**, little country roads I knew and loved,  
Long and long ago and far away,  
Where the rosy lumps of children roll their hoops and play  
After school,  
Till the west ripples pink and the fields breathe cool  
And their mothers in the dooryards call them home,  
(Emeline! Ora! May!)  
Sisters, little country roads I knew and loved, —  
In childhood (that's the time to roam)  
The Autumn Road that winds up over the hill  
To the hazy sun;  
The Tangly Road where the brown-lace carrots flute  
Their cup-shaped hands;  
The Forsaken Road where the barberries frill  
The lonely fences  
With shrivels of beady red;  
The Orchard Lane by the clear-faced brook to the cider  
mill  
Where the joking old men toddle  
With their gleanings in a sack,

---

*BROADWAY REMEMBERS HER CHILDHOOD*

---

(The familiar hopeful look  
Of the gnurly faded back!)  
The Green Road, ferny-smelling, —  
It drifts through the silent wood  
Like a meditating girl; —  
All ye friendly Paths and Country Places,  
Alive and different like human folk,  
(One of you had a bird-blue cloak  
Of cunning wings and leaves,  
And oh, the whispering bonnet woven  
Of teasel-cones and glistery sheaves!)  
Sisters, little country roads I knew and loved,  
Knew your names so long ago and far away,  
I who am in exile and a worldling, changed, ah,  
changed;  
I remember and I envy each of you!

**BROOKLYN BRIDGE**

**T**HE great bridge is as beautiful as death,  
Death, spanning dreamless chasms;  
As subtle and as simple as a child.  
To stand upon it dazzles, drains the dizzy breath.

Like a wild running horse, curved out, four feet in air,  
A sculptor's Icarus vision;  
A motionless mirage with cities on its wings;  
An armored angel poised 'twixt steel-bright grappling  
things.

By night across the beaded blackness of the ferry  
I trace the comets of the nebulous cars  
Plunge through the unsupported void:  
Glittering, they creep and vanish, a slow red line of  
stars.

---

*BROOKLYN BRIDGE*

---

By day, a shifting checkerboard of noiseless people,  
Each carrying a destiny in his hand;  
Like burdened ants intent on tribal goals,  
Gregarious atoms with undiscoverable and separate souls.

Oh, people of the bridge, quick, solemn midges,  
As dark as migrant plover flying in a wedge,  
Spanning the dreamless chasm your souls go, bidden  
To leap at last the gods' translunary edge.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**AFTER THE THEATER**

**SCENT** of roses, lights and wine,  
Rosy lights and flashing mirrors,  
Brilliant nodding hothouse women  
Whose bare shoulders like rare flowers  
Ringed with petals, lift and shine.

Half-draped bosoms, penciled eyes,  
Hot unhappy lusts and secrets  
Burning low across the cognac:  
Words that rankle, tinkle, tankle,  
While white hands in dalliance-wise  
Play and flutter for disguise.

Two by two they linger late,  
He a boy of Doric beauty,  
Fresh as one of Bion's shepherds;  
She a woman with the bitter

---

*AFTER THE THEATER*

---

Scarlet lips that soon or late  
Are bequeathed to them who hate,  
Derelicts or whims of fate.

Swift as witch-runes from a book,  
Sharply dissonate words are shook  
Under her blue drift of plumage,  
And her eyes like narrow lightnings  
Stab but do not scar his calmness.  
What wild war is in her look!

Some are lovers, beyond a doubt,  
Or the weary or desirous:  
Two by two they play their dramas;  
Behind the uncertain wavering curtain  
Of their masks, their thoughts peer out.

Like a moon-gemmed constellation  
Girdled with publicity,  
Each group is a flaring unit,  
To all others a mystery  
In the crowd's loud isolation.



---

**THE CITY**

---

**THE CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN**

**T**HE streaming glitter of the Avenue,  
The jeweled women holding parasols,  
The lathered horses fretting at delay,  
The customary afternoon blockade,  
The babel and the babble, the brilliant show —  
And then the dusky quiet of the nave,  
The pillared space, an organ strain that throbs  
Mysteriously somewhere, a rainbow shaft  
Shed from a saint's wounds, shimmering through  
the air.

A workman with hard hands who bows his head,  
And there before the shrine of Virgin Mary  
A lonely servant girl who kneels and sobs.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE MUSIC-HALL**

**T**HE steady electric light flares white  
While they  
Sit in a still line, doomed and gray.

The pitiless music grinds. With tuneless minds  
They wait,  
Smilelessly watch, and calculate.

Their painted fading youth struggles with truth —  
And sin.  
Their poisoned eyes show the hurt soul within.

The mirrored glitter mocks their trivial frocks;  
They scan  
With burned-out anxious eyes each entering man;

---

*THE MUSIC-HALL*

---

They clink the mirthless glass while the hours pass.  
But do they think  
Of the final Debt, the cost of their last Drink?

Far on some blossomy lane the moonbeams rain  
All the sweet night;  
Perhaps one haggard girl treasures a Vision White.

---

*THE CITY*

---

A BOX AT THE OPERA

A TWINKLING feminine creature, twilight-eyed,  
The glinting curve of jewels to zone her hair,  
A mist-gray gown, a tremulous air;

A dissolute boy, with braggadocio calm,  
An eyeglass, crafty hands, the smile that sneers,  
Who, as the music sobbed, stared at the tiers.

The play was Siegfried. When the bird-song broke  
Like sunlight rippling through the leafy place,  
The braggadocio boy laughed low into her face.

The twilight creature started like one hurt,  
And, her young twinkling face grown old and gray,  
She shut her little hands and leaned away.

---

*A BOX AT THE OPERA*

---

The music ran and leaped like nimble fire,  
Brynhilde's mystic boundaries burned, wind-blown;  
I only saw that soft face turned to stone.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**HIGH-FINANCE**

**ON** the dull benches seated side by side  
They gaze indifferently. How easy to deride!  
You saw them yesterday, the same sad human ruck,  
Yet of the sodden crew one salient face I pluck

That holds the passer's eye: — A self-respecting coat  
In proud denial of his cravatless throat,  
Head like a statesman's with a mane of snow;  
Stern brows, a glance that challenges below.

Scornful and gaunt, he greets his neighbors not.  
The great town beats unseen, a nebulous blot,  
The while he hugs his past, his destiny unkind,  
And the old storms echo in his haunted mind.

He mutters and he nods, remarshaling that last strife,  
(The incalculable turn that spoiled his life!)

---

*HIGH-FINANCE*

---

His ridged hands clutch a tattered document,  
Soiled record of his dreams and schemes magnificent.

He charts his rubber forests by streams of Paraguay  
Where jeweled parrots rift the emerald spray,  
Or from his mines and quarries in rose-peaked Ecuador  
His half-breeds hurl the heaps of glittering ore.

On the park bench another vagrant sits;  
Note the loose chin, the weak wool-gathering wits,  
Inane thumbs twitching like automata revolved,  
And pink eyes in a vinous blur dissolved!

O ye that idly look, look once again.  
These are two derelicts, both being outcast men.  
One is but scummy drift, the mockery of a Thing;  
The other, search his eye! A shipwrecked King.

---

*THE CITY*

---

AT THE SALON

**BRAVE** as the firstborn flame upsprings the  
statue,  
A worshiper of the Sun:  
With arms and lips and vital hair he praises  
The Dawn begun.

Buoyancy, adoration of beginnings,  
He soars tiptoe,  
Nor heeds he that his plinth was wreathed with  
cypress  
An hour ago,

Memorial of the maker of the statue  
Who in his ultimate pain  
Set free the spirit in the block of marble,  
— Child of his brain.



---

*AT THE SALON*

---

The men and women pacing through the Salon  
By that grave challenge are stopped,  
Pondering on him from whose arrested fingers  
The tool has dropped.

For him black weeds are draped and just one moment  
Chatter is mute,  
While, like a skylark, sings his last glad sculpture  
Its flame-salute.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE SCULPTOR**

(L. P.)

**FULL** of magnificent dreams you left us, Louis,  
Dreams that must now go starved:  
Better than most you made high vision plastic,  
The things you thought you carved.

Extravagant, careless, wild, they called you, Louis.  
Somehow, wherever boomed  
Your big and mellow voice, came youth, light-singing,  
And fine ideals bloomed.

Touched with the gravity of the inner mystic,  
Some Source withdrawn you found;  
You shaped your wistful message, — Burden-Bearers,  
The solemn large Earth-Bound.

---

*THE SCULPTOR*

---

No one who met you can forget you, Louis,  
Your genius to be true,  
Whether in bronze or marble, nobly moulded,  
Or just in being you.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**NEW YORK**

**I**NTO the violet vastness of shoreless and moaning  
twilight  
The infinite hulk of the ship of my city pushes her  
course,  
Paying out with the rush of her spindle a log unre-  
turning,  
Cryings of births and lushes of deaths recording the  
knots of her voyage.

On her decks by the chart-house they pace, the gallant  
leisurely passengers,  
Some sob deep down in her hold, the huddled fright-  
ened stowaways,  
But the infinite ship of my city steadily surges  
onward;  
Saluting her neighbors (audacious or timid) the lights  
of her starboard and larboard.

---

*NEW YORK*

---

Ship of my city, ship of my city, burning clear at the  
head of thy foremast,  
Who is thy captain, what is thy message, where is the port  
that thou makest?  
Into the violet vastness of shoreless and moaning twilight  
The infinite hulk of the ship of my city pushes her course  
unreturning.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE SUBWAY**

**BELOW** the roaring city streets the Subway sweeps  
invisibly.

*Below the bright apparent faces rush currents hid from you  
and me :*

*Below our calm and outward manners strange passions seethe  
tumultuously.*

Some hurrying woman in your path — turns in, she is  
engulfed from sight;

Those casual men upon the pavement, even as you watch,  
they slip from sight.

*Her purpose unknown and destination, a girl once plunged in  
London's night.*

Trains race each other underground, like animals in frantic  
greed.

Packed full of gray and silent people each serving his own  
separate need.

---

*THE SUBWAY*

---

*Beside each other, blind and deaf, our souls go like a gaunt  
wolf-breed ;  
Oblivious each of other one, in world-long lust of common  
goals,  
Aye, deaf and blind to our own kind, race by our savage  
separate souls.*

---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE CURB-BROKERS**

**H**AIL, ye frenzied creatures, antic, mask-like figures,  
Shouting gibberish symbols, wheat and corn and cotton.  
Lo, the whole world is a maniac vision,  
Worm-eaten by black hopes and wriggling poisonous  
alarms;

Neither flesh nor blood nor God nor devil,  
One great brazen throat and dollar-signs for arms.

*Hail, ye frenzied creatures,*

"T is a blue autumn morn!

And did ye ever walk among the rustling rows of corn?



**THE SINGING KNIGHT**

(R. W. G.)

**STOP!** did you know our knight, our singing knight, was  
gone,  
He with a man's sad eyes and a child's joy in the dawn?

Nay, it can never be. I saw him but yesterday,  
He with a man's brave heart and a boy's jest for the way.

Nay, it can never be that our singing knight is still.  
I saw him but now, a figure of light, as he charged and  
mounted the hill.

He smote the oppressor; he lifted the fallen; he led the  
belated throng,  
For his sword was bright and his shield was clean, and he  
sang as he rode along.

---

***THE SINGING KNIGHT***

---

Aye, there are tears for this. He was stricken on the road  
Where he gave himself and spent himself. How white his  
armor glowed!

Many who housed them with sobs and many who hoarded a  
crust  
Are richer and comforted through him who sleeps in the  
dust.

Stop? Nay, I cannot stop. I go on the errands of him  
As he taught us how, with hope in my heart, God knows,  
though my eyes are dim.

I can see his dark face shine in the gold of that ancient  
wood;  
Listen, I hear his voice mid the prayers of the multitude.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**FIFTH AVENUE**

**EXQUISITE** women of our rich,  
    Servants ye are, not free;  
Seekers of joy and beauty, yet  
    Bound by mad fantasy.

Gorgeous, along the street and avenue  
    You float and flit and stop,  
And by your shining horses at the curb  
    We recognize the fashionable shop.

But oh, your horses, reined up at the door,  
    Breathless, with livid tongue!  
They, too, like you, could taste the joy of life,  
    Are beautiful and young.

Instead, with neck taut in a frightful curve,  
    Stretched slender legs to stand the torturing strain,

---

*FIFTH AVENUE*

---

They gasp and tremble, red foam at the mouth,  
Eyes glazed with pain.

Exquisite, cruel creatures, what are ye,  
Women, or soulless elves?  
Look in the suffering eyes of your poor horses,  
Free them and thus — yourselves!

**THE YEARS THAT THE LOCUST HATH EATEN**

**YOU** wore your life with such high grace  
Those days I knew you;  
Such eyes, such dreams! What afterward,  
Assailed you, slew you?

Your voice rang with an inner song  
The clear soul telling;  
You poured yourself and sparkled forth,  
A fount upwelling.

Since, what has choked your utterance,  
What came to kill you?  
It used to be — a cloud, a flower,  
Could lift and thrill you.

Did some one touch a secret spring  
Once, deep within you?

---

***THE YEARS THAT THE LOCUST HATH EATEN***

---

Or had you power, without — alas —  
Faith to continue?

Why do you turn your eyes away?  
What kindness do you lack?  
The heights you loved — wait for you, yours!  
Oh, man, come back!

Praise God, our ways met when you walked  
A spiritual prince..  
For that great memory I forgive,  
Gladly, all since!

---

*THE CITY*

---

**WILL GOODSPEED**

**I** MET Will Goodspeed on the street;  
He springs as if to kiss one's feet,  
A forthright child of the East, in soul,  
So eloquent, overflowing, fleet,  
His salutation when we meet.

Will Goodspeed is American  
And looks like any other man,  
Not over-fine nor over-neat;  
But his face shines as if he ran  
Brain full of some high splendid plan.

The place was Broadway at its flood,  
Mid-road, a cab splashed trails of mud, —  
“Girl, listen,” cried he, quite abruptly;  
With sculptor's hands he sketched in air  
The great Group that had stirred his blood,

---

*WILL GOODSPEED*

---

And drunk with the creative mood,  
He nigh embraced me as I stood.

The street-car I was waiting for  
Clanged, hissed, and vanished with a roar:  
"Earthly temptation clinging thus,  
Shaped like a creature to adore, —  
I leave it somewhat in the rough,  
Suggesting sexless mystery more, —  
Mind you —" "No, please don't illustrate,  
Will Goodspeed, or gesticulate!"  
Like a shot bird quenched was his flight:  
"Pardon," he said, "of course you're right."

"Forgive me, please," Will Goodspeed said,  
"I quite forgot our whereabouts."  
We heard a newsboy's maniac shouts.  
Will crept away, grown small and gray,  
A commonplace upon Broadway,  
Nor did it fill me with content  
To think that glistening dream was rent  
To save myself embarrassment.



**OUR LADY OF IDLENESS**

**T**HEY in the darkness gather and ask  
Her name, the mistress of their endless task.

**THE TOILERS**

**Tinsel-makers in factory gloom,  
Miners in ethylene pits,  
Divers and druggists mixing poisonous bloom.**

**Huge hunters, men of brawn,  
Half-naked creatures of the tropics,  
Furred trappers stealing forth at Labrador dawn.**

**Catchers of beetles, sheep-men in bleak sheds,  
Pearl-fishers perched on Indian coasts,  
Children in stifling towers pulling threads.**

---

*OUR LADY OF IDLENESS*

---

Dark buncy women pricking intricate laces,  
Myopic jewelers' apprentices,  
Arabs who chase the long-legged birds in sandy  
places;

They are her invisible slaves,  
The genii of her costly wishes,  
Climbing, descending, running under waves.

They strip earth's dimmest cell,  
They burn and drown and stifle  
To build her inconceivable and fragile shell.

**THE ARTIST-ARTISANS**

They have painted a miracle-shawl  
Of cobwebs and whispering shadows  
And trellised leaves that ripple on a wall.

They have broidered a tissue of cost,  
Spun foam of the sea  
And liliated imagery of the vanishing frost.

---

**OUR LADY OF IDLENESS**

---

**Her floating skirts have run  
Like iridescent marshes  
Or like the tossed hair of a stormy sun.**

**Her silver cloak has shone  
Blue as a mummy's beads,  
Green as the ice-glints of an Arctic zone.**

. . . . .

**She is weary and has lain  
At last her body down.  
What, with her clothing's beauty they have slain!**

**THE TOILERS**

**Lo, she is thinner than fire  
On a burned mill-town's edge  
{ And smaller than a young child's dead desire.**

**Yea, emptier than the wage  
Of a spent harlot crying for her beauty,  
And grayer than the mumbling lips of age.**

---

**OUR LADY OF IDLENESS**

---

**A LOST GIRL**

White as a drowned one's feet  
Twined with the wet sea-bracken,  
| And naked as a Sin driven from God's littlest street.

**THE ANGEL WITH THE SWORD**

Come, brothers, let us lift  
Her pitiful body on high,  
Her tight-shut hands that take to heaven no gift  
But dust of costly things.  
We seven archangels will  
Bear her in silence on our flame-tipped wings.

THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE

**A** MILLINER'S Lithuanian errand-girl  
Limped up the Avenue;  
The florist's window spread its fairy garden  
Before her view,  
Orchids alive, leaves fringed like scarlet feathers,  
And bushes burning blue.

She stood before the window a long while,  
The shop's dull ravelings on her somber cloak,  
Like a dazed heavy beetle half-benumbed  
In a gay troop of gauzy-winged folk.  
The elfin vivid flowers, like kin to her,  
Some rich prenatal memory awoke.

Two beautiful great ladies, wreathed in wealth,  
Slipped shimmering softly through the florist's  
door;

---

*THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE*

---

Their bright impersonal gaze glanced over her  
As if she were a pattern on the floor.  
Squat, open-mouthed, bewitched, I saw her stand,  
Her timid soul adrift on what strange shore!

**UNDER THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE**

**I LOVE** the massed humanity, each curious wrinkled  
face  
Of this crude helter-skelter market-place  
Beneath the huge abutments of the bridge.

In the vast cluttered twilight of the piers  
The shiny heaps of horrible fishes lie,  
Each with an opaline leer in his flat eye;  
How adamant their courage who take and touch  
These limp long monsters of the slimy smutch!

The ancient women have abundant wit  
And like stanch bales they plant their knees and sit.  
Frilled femininity — what do they know of it?  
They shake their cotton stuffs, and woe, say I,  
To him who lingers, lingering not to buy.

---

*UNDER THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE*

---

There stride two Russians in tall furzy caps:  
They wore them on the frozen steppes, perhaps.  
Now by the East River in the grotesque dark,  
They wear them still, distinguished, passionate, stark,

In this gross nether Circle full of red-rimmed eyes,  
Of fins and smutty wings and harpy cries,  
Where these two bushy bonneted black kings  
Rule the grim realm of startling under-things.

Such epic arms, such Chaldee length of beard,  
And the wolf-glare of men in tyranny reared;  
Always the colloquial frenzy of these folk  
Seems murderous, such the madness of their croak  
In the fierce tongue their Slav forefathers spoke.  
Absorbed they with the solemn primitive greed  
That spurs us all, each soul unto his need.



**THE LITTLE FRUIT-SHOP**

**T**HE little Broadway fruit-shop bursts and glows  
Like a stained-glass window rioting through the gloom  
Of a grim façade; a garden over-seas;  
A Syracusan idyl; a lilt that flows  
In chords of dusk-red color; emerald bloom  
Loved by the nightingale, voice of the voiceless trees;  
Ripe orchards mellow with innumerable bees.

A dark Greek boy counts up with supple hands  
Lucent rotundities, the Bacchic grape  
In luscious pyramids, pears like a lute  
Most musically curved, nuts from sweet lands  
Demeter lost; oh, many a sculptured shape; —  
Had he his panther-skin, the thyrsus and the flute, —  
Lo, a swart faun-god mid his votive fruit.

**THE FLOWER FACTORY**

**LISABETTA, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,**  
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,  
Little children who have never learned to play;  
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day;  
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.  
High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong  
beat,  
They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.

**Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,**  
They have never seen a rosebush nor a dewdrop in the sun.  
They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,  
Of a Black Hand and a face behind a grating;  
They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suf-  
focating,  
Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket,  
But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their  
dreams,  
And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric  
screams.

---

**THE FLOWER FACTORY**

---

**Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,  
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.  
Let them have a long long playtime, Lord of Toil, when  
toil is done,  
Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun!**

---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE LODGING-HOUSE**

**T**HEY fling their boots down and they coarsely talk.  
Inquire not what they say.  
And then they lose themselves until the day.

They have strange sorry faces as they sleep,  
Scarred with the wounds of sense,  
And not one face of clear-cut eloquence.

There's yon a lad, with the spoiled wavy mouth  
Of beauty sold to ease;  
And one who lies gigantic and misshapen  
Like an ironic Hercules.

The old men are unbeautiful and sodden,  
With Something eaten away  
From the inner secret plasm, how we return to clay!

---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE MOTOR-MAN**

**H**E scanned the track as marksmen eye the bead.  
He had a boy's face, somewhat loosely wrought,  
A fresh clean look; a brow untouched by thought;  
The joy of youth in speed.

Then he leapt forward, a white flame of fright —  
His elemental hands grappled the brake in vain —  
That little life, crushed out too quick for pain,  
A cry that stabbed the night!

(Oh, hideous wheels! oh, sound beneath the wheels!  
Does Death come so? How the blind vision reels!)

Like a dazed dreamer in a torture-place  
He stood, the slow tears on his withered cheeks,  
Deaf to the circling women with their shrieks,

---

**THE MOTOR-MAN**

---

(Fiercely her vengeance Little Sicily wreaks)  
Till the first stone struck his face.

A common boy when the uptown trip began,  
Ignorant of those huge furies, Love and Hate:—  
Now, a gray comrade to swift ancient Fate,  
Rory, the motor-man.

**THE SOUBRETTE**

**A HAUNTER** of the devious shades of Lady Fashion's  
bower,  
She plumes herself afresh each evanescent hour;  
Her startled headgear trembles, shooting up  
Above round massy hair bulged like a cup.  
Sometimes great owl-eyes glare upon her hat;  
Sometimes she 's furred and throatless like a smug Angora  
cat.

**Flower o' Town, Flower o' Town,  
Let's sail abroad both up and down.  
The splendid shops, the luring shops,  
The tide of feet that never stops.  
The huge square yellow motor-eyes,  
The bright stark stones, the newsboys' cries.**

---

*THE SOUBRETTE*

---

The first small breath of Lady Fashion by Flower o' Town  
is felt;  
She jingles with gilt objects at her multifarious belt;  
She drinks the smell of heat and gas and playhouse doors  
like wine,  
Trickling electric lights that pour their bibulous beaded  
sign,  
She knows them, feels them, loves them, as Indians love  
the trail,  
And her element upbuoys her, as those sea-jellies-pale  
That shine in low-tide pools, then disappear, lo, where? —  
Tissues of shape, too structureless for open sun and air.

Flower o' Town, Flower o' Town,  
The swinging frocks, the smiling men,  
Let's turn around and smile again!  
The pied processional eager faces,  
The tilted chins, the airs and graces;  
What is the mode to-day?  
Heels high or low,  
Hands out or so,  
A haughty air or gay?

Patterns to buy, patterns to buy,  
How do the souls dress when they die?



---

*THE SOUBRETTE*

---

Flower o' Town, Flower o' Town,  
Oh, fairy shoon and seraph crown, —  
How would they please this noisy town?  
Is there a Broadway in the Sky,  
Where souls may flutter when they die?  
What is the color, do you know,  
To hide a grief one must not show?

---

*THE CITY*

---

**THE COAL-MINE**

*Fire*

**RUN**, said the Fire;  
Burn clear, desire.

*Clay*

Yield, said the Clay,  
To-morrow? Nay.

*Rock*

Stand, said the Rock;  
Defy each shock.

*Forest*

Lift, quoth the Pine,  
To heaven my sign.

---

## THE COAL-MINE

---

### *Glacier*

Hald the great Glacier, Slow  
And still, I go.

### *Dark*

The Dark cried. Hush!  
Night comes to crush.

### *The Undercutter*

Flung the electric starter! Downward drops the cage;  
Hambridge beds and Thaxet sands, to the Cenozoic Age;  
White and Ywdale rocks — Bump! the Carboniferous  
Age.

Flung fragments — and the grunting in a sudden rage  
Of the undercutter machine powered by its greasy rage:  
Clatter — for that shrieks and vibrates, man its fury to  
conquer.

And the mine's grunting and wailing deep beneath the soil,  
When the joint seems the tranquil of the Carboniferous  
Age.

---

*THE COAL-MINE*

---

*Dark*

Hush, cried the Night,  
Dark comes to blight.

(But the clean winds of any dawn girdle the world with  
light.)

*Glacier*

Said the great Glacier, Slow  
And still, I go.

(Millions of years, a town, the London tulips blow.)

*Forest*

Lift, quoth the Pine,  
To heaven my sign.

(Now, deep-enribbed, he waits the sump-fuse of the mine.)

*Clay*

Yield, said the Clay,  
To-morrow? Nay.

(This that was Cæsar's tomb, — a foundry-pit to-day.)

---

*THE COAL-MINE*

---

*Rock*

The Rock said, Stand,  
Ruling the land.

(Now a child sifts it through his tiny hand.)

*Fire*

The Fire said, Run,  
Mount, stars and sun!

(This little pale torch-bearing Man outspeeds you, one by  
one.)

---

*THE CITY*

---

**NIAGARA**

*THE water talked to the turbine*  
*At the intake's couchant knees :*  
**Brother, thy mouth is darkness**  
**Devouring me.**

**I rush at the whirl of thy bidding;**  
**I pour and spend**  
**Through the wheel-pit's nether tempest.**  
**Brother, the end?**  
**Before fierce days of javelin,**  
**Before the cloudy kings of Ur,**  
**Before the Breath upon the waters,**  
**My splendors were.**

**Red hurricanes of roving worlds,**  
**Huge wallow of the uncharted Sea,**  
**The formless births of fluid stars,**  
**Remember me.**

---

*NIAGARA*

---

A glacial dawn, the smoke of rainbows,  
The swiftness of the cañoned west,  
The steadfast column of white volcanoes,  
Leap from my breast.

But now, subterranean, mirthless,  
I tug and strain,  
Beating out a dance thou hast taught me  
With penstock, cylinder, vane.  
I am more delicate than moonlight,  
Grave as the thunder's rocking brow;  
I am genesis, revelation,  
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,  
Beware to offend!  
For the least, the dumbfounded, the conquered,  
Shall judge in the end.

*The turbine talked to the man*  
*At the switchboard's cryptic key:*  
Brother, thy touch is whirlwind  
Consuming me.

---

*NIAGARA*

---

I revolve at the pulse of thy finger.  
Millions of power I flash  
For the muted and ceaseless cables  
And the engine's crash.  
Like Samson, fettered, blindfolded,  
I sweat at my craft;  
But I build a temple I know not,  
Driver and ring and shaft.

Wheat-field and tunnel and furnace,  
They tremble and are aware.  
But beyond, thou compellest me, brother,  
Beyond these, where?  
Singing like sunrise on battle,  
I travail as hills that bow;  
I am wind and fire of prophecy,  
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,  
Be slow to offend!  
For the least, the blindfolded, the conquered,  
Shall judge in the end.

*The man strove with his Maker  
At the clang of the power-house door :*



---

*NIAGARA*

---

Lord, Lord, Thou art unsearchable,  
Troubling me sore.

I have thrust my spade to the caverns;  
I have yoked the cataract;  
I have counted the steps of the planets.  
What thing have I lacked?  
I am come to a goodly country,  
Where, putting my hand to the plow,  
I have not considered the lilies.  
Am I less than Thou?

*The Maker spake with the man  
At the terminal-house of the line :*  
For delight wouldst thou have desolation,  
O brother mine,  
And flaunt on the highway of nations  
A byword and sign?

Have I fashioned thee, then, in my image  
And quickened thy spirit of old,  
If thou spoil my garments of wonder  
For a handful of gold?  
I wrought for thy glittering possession  
The waterfall's glorious lust;

---

*NIAGARA*

---

It is genesis, revelation, —  
Wilt thou grind it to dust?

Niagara, the genius of freedom,  
A creature for base command!  
Thy soul is the pottage thou sellest;  
Withhold thy hand.  
Or take him and bind him and make him  
A magnificent slave if thou must —  
But remember that beauty is treasure  
And gold is dust.

Yea, thou, returned to the fertile ground  
In the humble days to be,  
Shalt learn that he who slays a splendor  
Has murdered Me.  
By this I adjure thee, brother,  
Beware to offend!  
For the least, the extinguished, the conquered,  
Shall judge in the end.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA**

**YOU**, millions of muzhiks eating black bread and drinking  
vodka,  
Reeking, reeling, toiling without hope,  
You, the clods of a nation, patient, brutal, unforeseeing,  
Incalculable mass of the inner empire,  
Responding not to the unrest and hurtle of seething political  
parties,  
Like a vast hulk unmoved by the froth and foam of futile  
currents,  
We, America, salute you.

Eager, disheveled, unwise students, tumultuous thinkers,  
revolutionists,  
Anarchists, socialists, steady autonomists, muzzled jour-  
nalists, audacious poets,  
Tremendous-brained tramps and vagrants,  
Drudging workers in factories, smiths and cunning arti-  
ficers at Warsaw and Vladimir,

---

*A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA*

---

All the unheard-from army of craftsmen in ugly cities on  
the Dnieper and Dniester,

We, America, salute you.

Dilapidated, ashamed princes,

Rapacious noblemen, unscrupulous, competent heads of  
bureaus, playing the great game,

You who are helpless pawns on the board, fettered, intelli-  
gent or stupid, dumb or shrieking,

Remembering Poles, spirited Lithuanians, sullen Finns,  
ballad-singing Letts,

We, America, salute you.

Orphans wailing at Kief and Kishineff and Rostoff-on-Don,  
Hunted Semites squatting in cellars,

Gaunt emigrants, your poor possessions in a handkerchief  
tied to the back,

We, America, salute you.

You, looking to symbols and signs for deliverance,

Icon-worshippers standing by thousands in the five-domed  
temples of the White-Stone City,

Chanting voices of gray-beards who kneel gazing toward  
the sunrise,

---

*A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA*

---

Haggards of the Caucasus, nomads, goat-hunters, cattle-  
breeders,  
Weather-beaten, innocent, elusive,  
Wild, patient women washing at fountains,  
Weavers of sacred patterns out of wool and satin for the  
scornful feet of unbelievers,  
Disheartened colonists on the desolate steppes,  
Nourishing arid creeds, Memnonites, Doukhobars, Molo-  
kanye; —  
All ye, looking to symbols and signs for deliverance,  
We, America, salute you.

You, Cossacks, Imperial Guard, policemen,  
Low-browed, terrible in sodden obedience,  
Striking in the darkness, riding down high-hearted boys  
and pleading mothers,  
You, soldiers, sailors in mutiny, wreaking your grievances  
in the hideous language of Cronstadt,  
The savage sign-writing of maddened dull intelligences,  
We, America, salute you.

You, rioters at Moscow, Odessa, Kherson, Nicolaieff,  
Mobs thinking yourselves free, puppets pulled by strings,  
Performing the crafty purposes of those who sit in high  
places far away,

---

*A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA*

---

Stooped humble parents and children, standing in line,  
waiting a dole of bread,  
We, America, salute you.

You who are at the center, battlers, eager, serious,  
Aware, strenuous, hopeful,  
The League of Leagues, engineering quietly everywhere,  
The leaders in prison,  
You who have achieved the Douma and certain ambiguous  
manifestoes that make for freedom,  
We, America, salute you.

All ye, unnumbered units of the huge immovable total,  
Ignorant of the planet you inhabit,  
Knowing nothing of the events you precipitate,  
Knowing nothing of your own meaning,  
Like dumb characters of a written word that do not under-  
stand what they spell,  
All such, starved wheat-sowers of the Black Lands,  
Half-blind burrowers in the coal-mines of the Don country,  
Frost-bitten woodcutters in the frozen, forsaken provinces,  
Crawling creatures across the endless caravan-routes,  
Cursing boatmen on Matoushka Volga,  
Shrill bazaar-men at Nizhni-Novgorod,  
Sleigh-drivers across the obliterated white versts,

---

*A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA*

---

Dead peasants piled in scurrilous heaps off in heathen  
Manchuria,

We, America, salute you.

You, led to your fruitless death on Red Sunday  
Before your Little Father's palace,  
You, reckless martyrs too trustful, who have achieved the  
soul's liberty,

We, America, salute you.

You, O Romanoff, walking softly at painted Tsarkoe-  
Seloe,

Waxen, wavering, kind-hearted,

With white hands that do not know how to grip and eyes  
that have no vision,

You, O Romanoff, with one foot rocking a cradle and the  
other trampling out a million human ambitions

As a girl might crush a puff-ball to see it disappear in  
smoke;

Unhappy Nicholas, wearing the badge of mastership,  
Groping like a timid apprentice among the appalling dy-  
namos that generate war and peace,

We, America, salute you.

---

*A SALUTATION TO RUSSIA*

---

You, O child, watched by all the Russias, prayed for all the  
night long,  
The intolerable night of darkness-bound races,  
You with the star of hope on your forehead,  
Frail swaddling, heir to the long horror and the threat of  
the White Terror,  
Blissful child, cooing at the glitter of a sword and the  
boom of artillery,  
We, America, salute you.



**THE OUTCAST**

**T**HOUGH I go softly in fine linen I know the heart of an  
outcast,  
For an outcast knocked at my door and I opened to her,  
An outcast of London, light-o'-love, night-moth of the  
Strand.  
Forged letters she brought and a gentle, plausible story.  
Sinuous movements were hers and the liquid eyes of a  
fawn,  
A frightened, distrustful glance, always haunted by  
dangers,  
And a smile that blew over her face like a breeze on a  
shadowy pool.

When I took her I had not the key to her curious history,  
But when she fled, secret and sudden, in darkness of night,  
Leaving an unfinished lie behind her, written to baffle us,  
And her things tossed regardless,  
The knowledge came and it grew.

---

*THE OUTCAST*

---

I often think since of her sudden resolve for goodness  
That led her out of the mirk of High Holborn straight to  
our door;  
To our hill and our brook and our country;  
Her wish to make herself clean and put on new garments,  
To forget what she had been, all  
The glare and the horror of London.

I think how she strove, while she served in our house, for  
perfection,  
And polished the glasses, set out the silver and linen,  
And sat, at day's end, a slim figure alone in the kitchen.  
I am sure that she wondered and yearned over days like  
ours, of endeavor,  
Two lives bound together by simple, pure-hearted love.  
I recall how she stood and laughed like a child one evening,  
To see the great moon rise over the wall of the garden:  
She said it looked strange and romantic.

Then, how it all happened perhaps I reach out and  
divine, —  
A black, a terrible wave rushed at her,  
A tidal, a Seventh Wave, huge, irresistible.  
And It roared in her ears, "You are ours,  
Come back to us, back to us!"

---

*THE OUTCAST*

---

And because her feet were frail and had many times stum-  
bled,  
And her unresting heart had learned not the slow power  
of patience,  
It swept her back to the sea with the rest of the flotsam and  
jetsam.

Out there, I suppose, she floats, taking specious color and  
buoyancy  
For a little while  
From the surge and swash of the pitiless sea that called  
her.  
So, though I go softly in ways of peace, I know the heart  
of an outcast,  
For an outcast knocked at my door and I opened to her.  
VERNON, FRANCE.

---

*THE CITY*

---

**TRAVESTIES**

**SOMETIMES** a lost face washes up  
In pools of passing men;  
It flashes wanly on my sight  
And is submerged again.

It startles me with its resemblance  
To eyes a friend once wore, —  
Yes, so his whole look might have been,  
Given something less or more.

Nature, the Jester or Empiric,  
Thus in her multitudes  
Dissects before a thinking mind  
The process of her moods.

See the straight brows, the massive head, —  
Yon drayman with his whip,

---

*TRAVESTIES*

---

A statesman's profile, till you note  
The brutal under lip.

Cross-sections of heredity,  
Psychology laid bare,  
These faces chart the shifting shoals  
Called — human character;

Revealing quicksands of despair  
Out of which some may climb;  
Pointing satirical extremes,  
Kindness become a crime.

Here is a splendid negative  
Without — the illuming spark,  
A saint's nobility of line,  
Soul stumbling in the dark.

Oh, mocking strange resemblances,  
Pathetic, cruel, bad,  
Once did you grasp — and yet you lost  
The birthright others had!

---

*TRAVESTIES*

---

Oh, poor lost faces that wash up  
So like the good and great,  
Whose hand withdrew the ultimate touch,  
What need, what law, what fate?  
NEW YORK.

---

## THE CITY

---

### HANDS

OH, wonderful hands of toilers,  
Graved with the signs of your crafts,  
White, pricked fingers of sewers  
And gnarly hands of the field;  
Stained hands of textile-dyers,  
Flying hands of shuttle and wheel;  
I love your pathetic, outspoken,  
Unconscious biographies.  
I honor you, hands of toilers;  
I kneel and I kiss your hands;  
Ribbed hands of the storm-beaten sailor,  
Withered hands of weary age.  
I have seen the hands of a baby,  
Little and wandering,  
Crumpled like half-shut rose-leaves,  
Vague and adorable, —  
Like a tiny wind in tiny trees  
Saying nothing, murmuring.  
I have seen the hands of death,  
Explicit, fixed, and stern,

---

***HANDS***

---

**Autobiographic,  
Revealing unalterably.  
I honor you, hands of toilers;  
I kneel and I kiss your hands.**



---

**THE CITY**

---

**PEOPLE**

**I SEE** them go up and down the road  
And I sit beside them in public places.  
They move past the curtained windows of houses  
Where I visit with friends reading or talking.  
I thread in and out among them  
In shops of beautiful, useful, or curious things.  
And all through the crowded streets  
I mingle with them every day,  
                    **People, people.**

**They are the big audiences of which I am one**  
**At plays and concerts.**  
**They laugh or they sneer or they kneel,**  
**And the air is charged with their thoughts**  
**And thrills with their feelings.**  
**They touch my shoulder**  
**Or they flatten to let me pass,**  
**And our eyes meet,**  
**But do not exchange any signal.**

---

*PEOPLE*

---

We are dumb, we cannot speak.  
We continue our walk as if we were mutually invisible.  
Mayhap we are never to see each other again, —  
    People, people.

I do not know where they come from  
Nor whither they are bound,  
Nor what are their tastes, their needs, or their frenzied  
    desires.  
Name, character, social position, we are nothing to each  
    other.  
We sit and survey each other with a polite, dull stare.  
    People, strangers,  
    That is all.

Sometimes I turn around and look twice  
And I find the other person doing likewise,  
And we are both ashamed.  
Something in a single face compels me;  
I am startled or ponder deeply.  
Sometimes for a week I remember two or three faces  
Of people, people that have passed me on the street,  
Or whom I have covertly watched for ten minutes  
On a train or a bus,  
Or in a glittering restaurant where each table  
Leads its own life like an islet in midocean.

---

*PEOPLE*

---

I remember the shabby man who sat opposite me  
And covered his eyes, unaware of his surroundings.  
His lips moved as if he were saying over to himself  
Words that had bitten deep.  
The hand that covered his eyes was gaunt and toil-stained  
And shaped like the hand of a sensitive person.

I remember a girl who rushed into the hotel lobby,  
Gazing straight ahead of her, not seeing anything;  
She was very young  
With a spot of bright color on each cheek  
And seemed to have been crying.  
Her eyes were darker than dark doorways at night.

I remember an old couple on a frivolous boulevard:  
They had the pink, hard complexions and solid shoulders  
That are bred of the open fields.  
They were dressed like rustics.  
Kindly and calmly they surveyed the city  
And the futilities of the shop-windows  
With the bearing of august personages  
Who smile indulgently at the play of underlings.

---

*PEOPLE*

---

But of all the thousands and thousands  
That have for a moment imprinted themselves on  
my vision,

The greater number are absolutely wiped out.

They are the clouds that swim over a plain,

Appearing, changing shape, dissolving,

Leaving no sign.

They are migratory birds

Flying silently in a long wedge or zigzag

Very high up.

You hear a faint call,

You look once, but before you can look a second time

They are melted into the blue.

Clouds, dim shapes, bird-voyagers,

Swim past us these streams of strange people.

LONDON, ENGLAND.



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***THE COUNTRY***

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*THE COUNTRY*

---

UP A BROOK

ONE perfect memory, like a drop of dew,  
Clasps all the brightness, rainbow shimmer, and hue  
Of the Andalusian Maytime we rode through.

Forever moonlit, glowed the blossoming olive trees,  
Silverly dim beneath the iridescent breeze,  
Arched lanes wherein a rider takes his ease,

Moon-glints of petals powdering one's hair, —  
Then, cunning scent of grape-flowers in the air,  
And vineyard laborers to salute and stare.

Next came a lustrous river we pointed toward, —  
How gallantly our horses took the ford,  
And snorting, dripping, cantered up the sward



---

*UP A BROOK*

---

Of the further shore, all flower-gemmed, until  
We struck the shining gravel of a rill  
That sped from some sierra, snow-flushed still;

And here we let the white brook be our guide,  
(Liking its border-lushness, pranked and pied,)  
And lead us up the dancing mountain-side.

So many golden things, the wingèd broom,  
Spun globes of golden thistle, feather and plume,  
Small herbs that spread a tapestry of bloom,  
Like stained-glass purpleness in a dusky room.

Strange glories, too, high as a young lad's hopes,  
And harlequin faces poised on perilous slopes,  
Love-in-a-mist, wistful as one who gropes.

Perforce at last we chose the paths that veered  
Tremblingly down, ledges our horses feared,  
Goat-trails and cactus-hands and aloes speared

---

*UP A BROOK*

---

In warlike ranks, till path became a lane  
Hedged by such elder-thickets all a-rain  
With fluttery petals — then, the road again

And our lone village. Wild-rose whitely hung  
Her fairy clothes the thorns and rocks among,  
And pomegranates were with scarlet trumpets strung.

We rode into the west, where Mijas swam deep blue,  
Meadows — a dying billow of like hue,  
(Borage it was, miraculously blue),  
And those great sweeps of shadow loved by you.

Above, a long cascade of misty light,  
The sun, cloud-veiled, making a far place bright  
Between two peaks, that to our reverent sight,  
Said Pax Vobiscum at the radiant threshold of the  
night.

CARTAMA, SPAIN.

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**SELF**

**I**T was a great gray world  
On a bleak hilltop,  
Full of winds and clouds and crows  
And driven leaves.  
The wind whistled through my flowing hair  
And I said, "I know how trees feel,  
And waterfalls that rush and toss and reel,  
And big clouds racing in the upper air."

In the wood once when I was young  
A band of children hunted me:  
I never peeped a cry,  
But lay covertly a long while  
Within a crumpled copse of thorn and brake,  
Imagining I was a breathless fox  
In his cunning hole among the rocks,  
And I let the snowstorm pelt me flake by flake.

---

*SELF*

---

I talked with a scrap-iron peddler  
Who lived, roaming in his cart,  
Or drinking out of a black bottle,  
Under a whitethorn bush.

His chiefest friends were his drink and the hedgerow solitude,

And I envied the weather-burned codger his rags and crust,  
As I dug my toes in his highway's velvet dust,  
And I vowed with him that his two chief friends were good.

Once as I passed along the street  
I caught a convict's eye,  
Sullen and slinking, but gay;  
And he challenged me with that impudent look,  
Winking, "We're comrades, you and I!"  
At once I plunged to his depths, unrepenting as he;  
I wanted to strike his handcuffs, set him free,  
Cry, "Off!" — see him run as a bird you uncage to the sky.

So I say I divine by flashes  
And I know the hearts of other people:  
I can be whatever I choose beneath the sun,  
A beast or a mountain spring or an arrogant emperor.

---

*SELF*

---

*But I, I, sacred I, I am walled, inviolate,  
Though I sit and sew like any woman by the fire ;  
I am difficult, occult and baffling all desire.  
Of all the world I only am unknowable as Fate.*

**VERNON, FRANCE.**

SECRETS

**W**E have a dingle where all day, all night,  
The brown-eyed brook sings for delight,  
Sings liquidly.  
The blackbird answers,  
(There's a chap for you,  
Skimming the meadow-rue  
Or diving down!)  
Sings, "Quonk-a-ree,"  
A gurgly kind of note,  
All glee.  
The brook, before it spreads out in the swamp,  
Lisps, answering back,  
And then the catbird cries, a jester stanch,  
Swinging on what we call the Singing Branch.  
(For all the birds light there to chant a stave, —  
A dead tree bending by the brook's cool wave.)  
The catbird flutes the redwing's bar right over,

---

*SECRETS*

---

Adding a trill or two, the madcap rover;  
"Hark ye," he whistles, like minstrel with his story,  
Oh, such a clever improvisatore!

THE DINGLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

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*THE COUNTRY*

---

**THE NIGHTINGALE**

**T**HERE'S a mist of song abroad,  
Bubble and tinkle and trill;  
Heard you a sudden note compelling the pulse to stand  
still,  
Deep, with a heart-pang in it and the ecstasy of a laud?

When the master lifts his theme  
No question of which is which;  
He speaks like a star in the twilight, grave, distinguished,  
and rich,  
And you stand, face upturned and quiet,  
Like a man in a heavenly dream.

That's the nightingale's genius, to pour  
And spend himself, over and over,



---

*THE NIGHTINGALE*

---

Wild waterfall daring the edge and curveting over.  
Aye, listen and learn if you can how to praise and adore,  
You human lover!

GIVERNY, FRANCE.

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**THE FUGITIVE MOMENT**

**T**HE spindling lamps of autumn lit the wood;  
All tranced it stood,  
Ripples of green in spring-like under-places,  
Hill-blue for wonder-spaces.

Thin curly leaves, they floated on the stream  
In a soft dream,  
Dreaming themselves a golden argosy,  
Or pirate-ships that flee.

Semblance of footsteps stirred the quietness,  
Vaguer and less  
Than twilight birds asleep. Whispered and spoke  
Small ghosts of tiny folk.

The large magnificent sun poured like a spate;  
Played intricate

---

*THE FUGITIVE MOMENT*

---

Staves of rich sunset color, nobly blent,  
Then, of a sudden, went.

How gray and grave and empty grew our wood!  
Cathedral-like it stood,  
Radiance of music, windows, people, gone,  
An old stooped verger gathering books, alone!  
UNADILLA FORKS, NEW YORK.

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*THE COUNTRY*

---

**THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE SEA**

(E. H. P.)

**T**HE sea flowed off from the edge of the door  
And the white moon stepped inside;  
**H**er garment swept across the floor,  
Silver and wide.

Like songs that hover and escape  
The hearth-fire stirred;  
A crystal crimson dragon shape,  
It crept and purred.

The moonlight and the firelight strove  
For mastery:  
"I am phantom fairy vanishing Love."  
"And I am Memory."

"I am sweetness of remembered days,  
The ancient Dream."

---

*THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE SEA*

---

"I am the white torch of Desire,  
Her swift feet's gleam."

The moonlight stepped across the floor,  
Fancy set free,  
And all night at the open door  
Shone the great sea.

DEER POINT, CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE.

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*THE COUNTRY*

---

**FIREFLIES**

**H**ER spangles are the only things you see  
As her invisible skirt sways airily;  
Her light feet do not wake the littlest bird,  
Not the least gauzy sigh of tissue can be heard,  
Now here, now there, the spangles flash and flit,  
Now up, now down,  
Caught in the tangles  
Of the gray dancer's gown;  
Only her rhythmic pauses you may guess  
By the spent spangles  
Faling down.

THE DINGLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

638174

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*THE COUNTRY*

---

**MIDSUMMER TREES**

**SOME** trees drink deep draughts beside brooks,  
Delighting in gurgle and black moisture;  
Coolness and strength they draw up into their limbs  
And pay it out for the passer-by to enjoy  
In the shadow and amplitude of their noble branches  
And in their clean, shining, exquisite leaves,  
Thin and translucent for green light to trickle through,  
Harmoniously curved as musical instruments.

They instill fortitude by their robust trunks,  
Moulded as individually as men's bodies,  
Valiant and comfortable;  
Some shaggy,  
Some glossy as lithe animals;  
All of them full of kindness and tree-humor  
And the dignity that springs from belonging to one place.

**THE DINGLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY.**

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*THE COUNTRY*

---

**EPHEMERA**

**T**HE orchard like a green-robed maid  
Is kneeling, praying  
At the gold vesper-hour, — how strange  
Such beauty is heart-slaying!

Day is so wonderful that I  
Tremble to meet the morrow;  
The bird sings with such wasteful joy  
He smites the deeps of sorrow.

The flame of dawn wings vaporous  
From world to world.  
I cannot grasp it; it must pass  
As youth goes, comet-whirled,



---

*EPHEMERA*

---

A rainbow dust, a dance, a dream,  
War and imagination;  
Then, one gray morning, withered tears  
And slow realization.

CROTON, NEW YORK.

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**THE DESERTED HOTEL**

**A HUGE** white caravel it rides,  
Hoisting its desolate human story,  
And, as a billow, it bestrides  
The crest of mountain promontory.

A cow-bell wanders in the moon,  
Clangs out its movements wearily,  
Like a bell-buoy that all night long  
Sways in the ocean drearily.

The sheer cliff falls away amazed  
Into a twilight reach of valley,  
Milk-white with seas of fog, moon-dazed,  
Towards which puts out the abandoned galley.

Night washes up on distant hills  
Diffused as faint timidity,

---

*THE DESERTED HOTEL*

---

Where villages for fishery lights  
Jewel the blue liquidity.

Like tattered sails the white fogs drip,  
The rope-bound house shrieks windily,  
And all night like a rushing ship  
Motionless, white, rides out to sea.

OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN, THE CATSKILLS.

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**FOR THE LAUNCHING OF A LITTLE BOAT**

*(To the music of an Amalfi barcarola)*

**LITTLE** boat, go, dream and float  
On the Unadilla River,  
Singing treble of many a stone  
And the gracious undertone  
Of hid currents in the river;  
Tremolo of dawn-winds blown  
By the Unadilla River.

Little boat, go, dream and float,  
(Thou art so young upon the river!)  
Past great willows that dip and drown,  
The hemlock wood that darkles down,  
Fathoms down in the darkling river;  
At eve the firefly for thy prow  
And one star on the mountain's brow  
Above the Unadilla River.

---

**FOR THE LAUNCHING OF A LITTLE BOAT**

---

Little boat, ah, let me float  
And learn the sweet soul of a river,  
Deeps too pure for weariment,  
Loveliness of long content  
On the Unadilla River.

**UNADILLA FORKS, NEW YORK.**

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

ECSTASIES

**O**H, liquid bubble, *sweet — sweet — sweet!*  
Brook, was it you,  
Or a bird that flew,  
Or the lilt of a wind on flying feet?

*Oh, dream, oh divine!* Who caroled us this?  
Wild plum, was it you,  
Snow-white 'gainst the blue,  
That suddenly spoke from your full heart of bliss?  
GIVERNY, FRANCE.

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**KINGDOMS AND PRINCIPALITIES**

**O**UT to my woodlands as I walk  
All pleasant scents are mine:  
The healthy smell of earth and leaf,  
The spice-breath of the pine,  
Balm of young buds and water-wafts  
And odors fairy-fine  
Of blackberry blossom and tangled loops  
Of shad-bush and grape-vine.

Out to my woodlands as I walk  
My happy eyes bathe deep  
In color, gray and tawny trunks,  
The great glad plummy sweep  
Of green, — the dance of old romance,  
White clouds, — white flags they leap  
From airy walls, like bugle calls  
Old loyalties to keep.

---

**KINGDOMS AND PRINCIPALITIES**

---

In my dark woodlands as I dream  
I float upon a wave  
Of various harmonies, inner all,  
A bird-song, brooding grave,  
Twinkle of little claws and feet,  
The water's liquid stave,  
The catbird's jocund mimicry,  
(He, the slim greenwood knave!)

In my large woodlands as I lie  
All loves and wars I fold;  
The still small loves of beady eyes,  
Sly mother-eyes that scold;  
Blue little loves of stealing flowers;  
A splendid clash of old  
"Twixt clouds and winds and mountain pines  
And autumns on the wold,  
And brave free laughter of high birds,  
Vague sagas epic-bold.

**DELAWARE WATER GAP.**



---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**MOONLIGHT**

**T**HE woodland moon is young Elaine,  
    Brocaded, rich.

The night-sky pales, her luster trails  
    Across the fences, fills the brain  
    With arrows of a glittering pain,  
    A true-love or a witch,  
    Or a White Vision, which — ?  
The crescent moon is young Elaine.

The brooks go wandering, lost for her,  
    Slim forest lure.  
Through tapestried sheaves of volatile leaves  
(A thousand nodding orbs they stir)  
Her bright shape melts; clap boot and spur,  
Ride after, after! gallant sir!  
The whole world follows, mad for her.

---

*MOONLIGHT*

---

The old spent moon is Pierrot,  
Pale-faced and thin;  
If the hour lags, in motley rags,  
He trips it where the dullards go  
And tumbles to amuse the show.  
He wears a pasteboard grin,  
His poor heart sick within.  
The moon forgot is Pierrot.

CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**APRIL AT GIVERNY**

**A**T dusk the great trees like to lean  
And net the golden sun between  
    Their fretted aisles.  
The stream that lies all locked by day  
Takes cloud-like wings and soars away  
    Aerial miles.

Soft odors by the dusk distilled  
Hover like birds — the wood is thrilled  
    With memories  
And new-born hopes that flit abroad  
Worshiping April, their dear god,  
    On nights like these.

**SPRING BY THE GUADALHORCE**

**IT 'S** spring now with the almond trees  
Of Spain,  
And girls go picking by the rio  
Slim flowers in the cane,  
And in the Guadalhorce meadows  
Glimmers the faint green grain.

All one sierra that I know  
Is pink as childhood's dream  
With little trees that fluff like feathers  
In every rift and seam;  
Arroyo and casita, — all  
Are misty with their gleam.

And last year I was one of them;  
A name they chose I took;  
I visited the miller's kitchen,  
How spotless-white its look!

---

*SPRING BY THE GUADALHORCE*

---

I rode upon a red-fringed mule  
To ford a swollen brook;  
I knelt within their gold-dim church  
And prayed and kissed the Book.

Oh, dark-eyed dreamy girls I loved,  
Like pictures are ye now  
Within a hidden fairy-tale,  
And more unreal, I trow,  
Am I to you than that strange shape  
Upon your votive prow  
Hung before Mary-of-the-Sea;  
And yet, Conchita, once you signed  
The Cross upon my brow.

It's spring now with the almond trees  
Of Spain!  
Last night I dreamed of mountain-paths,  
That I was there again,  
Pulling narcissus by the brooks;  
White petals blew like rain  
And a mad goatherd joyously  
Lilted love's pain.

**TWILIGHT-WATCHERS**

**A LONELY** mother at a cottage window;  
Two lovers who are silent ere they speak,  
Not daring,  
Threading a by-lane  
With elder-flowers vaguely white and odorous;  
Young girls whose hearts are breaking when the  
    west is red,  
Not knowing why,  
A boy who leans upon the barnyard gate  
And thinks of many things,  
Not knowing why; —  
These listen for the coming  
*Of the Gray Lady.*

A strong man with a spirit wrought to tears  
Because of wistful eyes that haunt him,

---

**TWILIGHT-WATCHERS**

---

Eyes he cannot find, —  
Such an one listens to the footsteps  
*Of the Gray Lady.*

THE DINGLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

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THE COUNTRY

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THE CANADA ROAD

**T**HERE was a night when we sallied forth to try,  
After a storm, the Canada road with its nooks.  
The night was full of the music of rain-brimmed brooks;  
The grasses and trees chimed in from their singing-books,  
And the man and I.

Little rivulets dashed and flashed white feet in the dark,  
Crying *Hither* and *Thither* wherever the moonbeams  
glowed,  
“Whither, O sister?” they asked the white silent road  
That ever between the woodlands flowed and flowed.  
And the leaves whispered *Hark!*

The birches clapped little hands in a musical beat;  
The poplars rained in a secret way and the pines gave call  
To the waves of the sea; up we went by the brook’s steep  
wall



---

*THE CANADA ROAD*

---

Till we came to the whitest brightest torrent of all  
Like a cloud at our feet.

Up there at the glen-head stood the beautiful moon  
With the waterfall leaping away and down the hill;  
Smiled the moon at us her ancient smile and still,  
Saying, "There's many a heart like yours I fill  
With my Song of the Golden Shoon."

The man made a strong little sound in his throat, a reply  
That the clouds and stars and the rain-washed grass under-  
stand.

For the gift of the Golden Shoon and the hand-in-hand  
The night gave thanks and the brooks and the moon-  
bathed land

And he and I.

CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**THE END OF THE CAMP**

**R**AKE the cold last ashes out,  
Camp-fire days are done.  
Will the wild hawks and the deer  
Miss us at next set of sun?  
Outram with his awkward ways,  
(How we used to gibe!)  
Had a lurking fellowship  
With some shaggy tribe.

But our Dark-Girl, Tawny-Brow,  
With her soul of song,  
Was a sister to the trees  
And the oread throng.  
Outram, pack your duffle-bag,  
Shoulder each his kit,  
How the wood-folk will rejoice  
When the humans flit.

---

*THE END OF THE CAMP*

---

Scarlet autumn with her torch  
Soon will touch each wold  
And the hickory leaves down-circling  
Brim the brooks with gold.  
Then the gray wood-folk will rustle  
Tip-toe through the frost  
Till the long white drifted winter  
When our trails are lost.

Next year! What, man, you're not with us?  
We shall miss your might  
And your deep-bawled chorus when our  
Dark-Girl flutes good-night.  
Look, who lag there in the twilight  
Where the woods divide?  
Why, it's Tawny-Brow, not singing,  
Outram, tamed his stride!

WOODSTOCK, NEW YORK.

**RADIANCES**

**R**ADIANCE of budding leaf-tips,  
Spring's eager flight;  
Radiance of skimming dragon-flies  
Gem-bright.

Dawn-cobwebs, glistening meadows,  
A bobolink;  
An earth-brown emerald-lustrous  
Pool-brink.

All summer long the limpid  
Bright-stepping brook;  
A quick fawn's woodland-glancing  
Shy look.

A dusky firefly-spangled  
Thicket in June;

---

*RADIANCES*

---

Bursting through leafy meshes  
The blurred gold moon.

Quiver and billowy motion  
Of furtive things;  
In treetops, flash of silent  
Red wings.

. . . . .

The fathomless glow of loving  
In human eyes,  
Swift, brilliant, more mysterious  
Than starry skies.

THE DINGLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

---

*THE COUNTRY*

---

**AFTER-GLOW**

**M**Y twilit mountains, — how the night sweeps up  
And fills with cloudy glory the valley's godlike cup.  
Look! how the sunset lingers on that snowy height,  
Like a clear-tinted Dream that will not vanish quite,  
A hovering Brightness more mysterious than shade,  
A beckon of Joy ethereal, unafraid,  
More solemn than the music that in Silence lies  
Or that last Vision yet to come when death shall dim our  
eyes.

**SOGLIO, SWITZERLAND.**

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## THE COUNTRY

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### THE IMPRESSIONIST

(BY W. M. E.)

**C**OULD I but make the twilight stars to sing  
Upon my canvas, kindle May reborn  
To sweep along the valley, call the morn  
To flash across the world its crimson wing,  
Unleash the chains of the bright brooks of spring  
That weary hearts might hear them, they, the worn  
With life's long sickness, those who laugh to scorn  
Plain joys of earth, — to set them wondering!  
Ah, could one picture veritably show  
The soul of fact, a commonplace's might,  
It would interpret, quicken some man's sight, —  
As when at sunset dusty toilers go  
Languidly homeward through a street below,  
Procession-like, bathed in a heavenly light.

---

***ON THE HIGHROAD***

---





SPAIN

**A** PALE pink city like a withered rose  
Tossed by a poet down who serves the midnight oil,  
Flung to a wounded knight, home-turning after toil, —  
The rich and cloistral memory comes and goes  
Of Salamanca, meditative wholly,  
A tattered precious document of such  
As builded and lived greatly, hazarding much,  
Or Gothic abbots, pacing melancholy.

Tawny Toledo, throned in alabaster,  
A doom-bound insolent princess, ever waits —  
For what? So slow the tide of life drifts through her gates  
Wrack of the dying sea ebbs faster.

Segovia's time-stained prow puts out afar,  
Steered 'twixt gigantic arches.  
Look twice! A phantom army, yelling, marches  
To front the huge frown of her Alcazar.

---

*SPAIN*

---

Rock leaping out of rock, Plasencia's bastions hew  
And lift a sculptured challenge to set fierce blood a-quiver,  
Zoned savagely by swiftness of a river  
Terrifically blue.

White Cadiz, buoyant on a slender stem  
Of land, a lustrous lotus-flower, floats,  
White-petaled, towers and turrets and winged boats,  
Wearing the sapphire sea for diadem.

Alcántara, war-broken, ruined, untrod,  
Speared on its precipice, an eagle's nest,  
By chasmed Tagus, roaring to the west,  
Rearing against that Bridge, the triumph for a god.

**CAMILLA RETURNING FROM ABROAD**

**L**IKE a lost ballad straying to this age  
From days long since,  
A mystic spell chanted by barefoot mage,  
Or an elf-prince  
Leaping the enchanted hedge, a missal-page  
Alive with lovely tints,

So, flushed with history's glamour you come,  
Camilla Crane,  
Listening to ghostly armies, dust and hum  
On an Assyrian plain,  
Music of buried cities, flute and drum,  
An aubade's love-refrain.

I see you, a crowned Personage, step  
Within our door,  
The radiance of rose-windows on your cheek,  
A chiseling hoar

---

*CAMILLA RETURNING FROM ABROAD*

---

Of moonlit angel, immemorial peak  
Sculptured to soar,  
Gemming your silence ere you speak.

Your gray eyes hold the wonder and the height  
Of a lone pyramid.  
Old mysteries droop, rune and strange Gaulish rite  
Beneath their childlike lid;  
Stone kings, calm effigies, a templed site  
The timeless plains amid.

Not the same child, a new child you return,  
Treasuring the glance  
Of shy essential kindreds, nymphs that yearn,  
A choral dance  
Of exquisite dreams reborn, your soul's  
Ancestral heritage.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**THE GOATHERD-POET**

*I HEARD a swarthy goatherd, thrilled with love,  
Sing, as he led his horned flocks above  
The iris-crag of Alhaurin el Grande,  
“ Ah, full of waters and snowy like a dove ! ”*

You will not learn it from the travelers' books,  
Its snowy whiteness, deep-blue distant looks  
Toward sinuate sierras, wave on wave,  
Its babble of mill-wheels and mountain brooks.

How it clings, winding up the glen's rough brink,  
— Its bright white crowded streets that seem to think  
The world's top is the Hermitage up there, —  
Splashed with geranium-balconies richly pink.

It flows out on its edges to such sweep  
Of lustrous vineyards, rain-washed and a-leap,

---

*THE GOATHERD-POET*

---

Of olive-orchards silver-gray with bloom,  
As if the moonlight lived there, half-asleep.

On April twilights you might see Her pass,  
Upheld on high, trembling through golden glass,  
"The Virgin of the Solitude!" they whisper,  
And all the heads bow down like wind-blown grass.

*I heard a swarthy goatherd, thrilled with love,  
Sing, as he led his dappled flocks above  
The dripping crags of Alhaurin el Grande,  
"Ah, full of waters and snowy like a dove!"*

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

TO A NYMPH AT ARANJUEZ

**P**OISED in the wrinkled light and shade,  
Most transitory yet still,  
Tiptoe thou glancest down the glade,  
Quick as a daffodil.

In this neglected garden, frost  
Silters the pink shut roses  
And faintly shimmers, pearly-tossed,  
The gray-laced elm-tree closes.

Brave gleams thy marble surge of hair;  
Thy hand, a listening shell  
To catch the lovely secret murmurs  
That in such silence dwell.

Cold sparkle of Castilian snows,  
Thou heedest not, white elf,



---

*TO A NYMPH AT ARANJUEZ*

---

But rapt apart in thine own weather  
Thou smilest to thyself,

Blithe with the youthful ancientness  
Of all earth-solitude,  
I see thee, fitting, motionless,  
Imperially nude.

THE ILLUMINATED CANTICLE

(Belonging to Philip II, and now in the Escorial)

I CARRY the great Singing-Book  
Of the pale king's.  
Over its rich staves peacocks look,  
Like birds that dip into a brook;  
And all its edges flow with sedges,  
With rainbows, berries, jeweled wings,  
Or jesting pranks, or heavenly things.

Fray Andres made it at Leon  
And good Fray Julian;  
They decked it till it laughed and shone  
With every hue, rose-red, sea-blue,  
And where Magnificat upran  
They spread an angel, blessing man.

The sick king peers above my hands  
But makes no sound;  
He seeks and seeks in all his lands,

---

## THE ILLUMINATED CANTICLE

---

Yet finds no peace, to bring surcease  
Of those cries from the underground  
And gnawing flames that ring him round.

The kind monks in their cloister sat,  
    Beneath a bell-tower tall.  
They painted in the juicy figs  
    That burst and fall,  
The braided nests of grass and twigs,  
And prickly-pears and lacelike tares  
That make a pattern on the wall;  
Fray Andres drew a purple snail  
Because its shape was curved and small.

The king — he has a pinched long face,  
    A bloodless lip;  
And his cold stare would find no grace  
In children's arts or mothers' hearts;  
Now he is old, his trembling grip  
Has lost life's best, letting love slip.

I fear him, yet I pity, too;  
    When mass is done  
I rock in dreams of gold and blue,

---

***THE ILLUMINATED CANTICLE***

---

Chanting for him a grave-song grim,  
Laughing to think how many a one  
Will stand here, when the king has gone,  
Will turn the rich leaves of the Book,  
And never fear his dreadful look.

AN ANDALUSIAN VILLAGE

**I** SAW a village yesterday  
Float like a mirage rosy-gray,  
Too light for solid ground.  
The whitewashed Ermita, the flocks,  
The roofs, the threshing-floors, the rocks  
    Delectably were drowned  
In a gray drift of almond-blows,  
In clouds the color of a rose,  
    And faint sierras phantom-crowned.

The flushed mists moved, sheep of the sun,  
That wind and vanish one by one,  
    Between the fluted hills;  
And young girls I remember, too,  
Whose aprons in the sunlight blew,  
    And gray pigs by the rills;  
The Guadalhorce's lilac loops  
Where Casarabonela scoops

---

*AN ANDALUSIAN VILLAGE*

---

A hollow in the hills;  
The Moorish ruin where vision speeds  
To distant towns like clustered seeds  
A striding sower spills.

It is a village I have dreamed, —  
The clouds, the mists, the roofs that gleamed,  
The soft trees winged for flight;  
The shining clothes spread out to dry,  
The belfry arched against the sky, —  
I've dreamed it many a night.  
Often in childhood's slumber deep,  
I sought this Andalusian steep  
And laughed for pure delight.

CARTAMA, SPAIN.

**THE MOSQUE AT CORDOBA**

**A** MULTITUDE of columns and a sense  
Of forest mystery,  
Of hushed and cryptic messages flying — whence?  
Through inter-arch of branches charmed from sound,  
Down endless trails that dwindle, leading hence  
Far back to buried springs of history.

GRANADA

**C**HERRY-BLOSSOMS at Granada,  
White against white peaks of snows;  
Rosy sunsets at Granada  
Kindling those far peaks of snows;  
Silver rains and fruit-tree petals  
Fluttering like drifts of snows;  
Arched above the cloud-crowned mountains  
Thin miraculous rainbows.  
How they shone and melted downward,  
Slipped between the cherry blows;  
And at eve the nightingales  
In their water-loving eyries  
Of the Garden of Adarves  
Sang an opening interlude  
To the listening white iris.

In the ivory Court of Lions  
Hum the multitudinous bees,  
Through the airy subtile ceilings



---

*GRANADA*

---

Interlaced like slender trees.  
In and out and singing, seeking,  
Went the ancient Moorish bees  
Through the fairy honeycombing  
Of the Moorish masonries.  
Sons of the Alhambra they,  
Fashion-makers of the lovely  
Architectural mysteries  
Which we wonder at, to-day.  
Were they spirits of the craftsmen,  
Winged, gossamer and gray,  
Haunting their own bee-like palace  
For that sole enchanted day?

---

ON THE HIGHROAD

---

TOLEDO

(Our Lady of the Faith)

*The Nave*

**L**IKE a great forest centuries old  
After snow's *benedicite*,  
Beneath the emerging moon, it rears  
Its templed whiteness quietly.  
Pale columns splashed with mellow stain  
Of lichen and of moss,  
And leafless trails that fade away  
In outline of a Cross.

*A Friar*

A swift black galley, set, full sail,  
Ballooning in the wind,  
He swam the twilight silently  
And pierced the sunset's luminous veil.

---

*TOLEDO*

---

*Some Kneeling Women*

They crouch as still as death  
    Before the Perpetual Light;  
Bunched inky creatures born of caves,  
    Or human limpets paralyzed  
    By the mind's night.

*The Archbishop*

Shaken, decayed, yet tall,  
    Glittering he went;  
His endless robe dragged after him,  
    Purple, magnificent;  
The children, whispering, half-afraid, following his foot-  
    steps, ran;  
He seemed a terrible spent symbol, in likeness of a man.

*The Stained Glass Windows*

Red dawns above dark mountain-peaks.  
    Clear sunsets far away,  
Noon-dapplings on a forest-floor,  
    Scatter of star-dust, silver-gray;  
And there, long violet moonbeams lay.  
One window was a river-glade's  
    Translucent gold and green;

---

*TOLEDO*

---

He, Nicolas, who made it shine, —  
Spring danced through all his veins like wine,  
For he remembered, as he drew,  
An April evening's witchery,  
The Guadalquiver's beryl-hue  
And meadows broidered goldenly.

BALLAD-MAKING IN SEVILLE

*(He touches his guitar and chants)*

**W**HEN the green fire of the spring  
Sweeps the meadow of the rio,  
Then it is I love to sing:  
*“Maraquita, alma mia,  
Girl, full gladly would I die  
If one prophesied me clear  
At my dark mound you would kneel  
And shed a tear.”*

When the clouds like radiant smoke  
Toss up from the blue sierra,  
Then Remedios I invoke  
As I sow my plowed tierra:  
*“My mother died of hunger,  
Begging from door to door;  
I die because one little maid  
Will look at me no more.”*

---

BALLAD-MAKING IN SEVILLE

---

When Oracion-hour slants  
A long sheet of shining dust,  
I am he who loudly chants:  
    *"Trini, slay me if you must, —  
There are three doors closed to none  
Be they thieves or emperors crowned;  
The madhouse and the prison cell,  
The grave in Holy Ground."*

When the twilight roads and rocks,  
    Coïn, Alhaurin el Torre,  
Stream with the home-coming flocks, —  
    Like a quiet-ending story;  
In the hills old Miguel  
    'Mid the spiky asphodel  
Stooping for asparagus;  
    And the goatherds with their goats  
And the donkeys, creeping, wind  
    With their burdens various;  
And the children wreath the myrtle in their hair,  
And a gentle sound of laughter like spring rain falls every-  
    where,  
Weaving my yellow aloe sandals I also weave this prayer:

---

**BALLAD-MAKING IN SEVILLE**

---

*“Lola, listen to me, child!  
I have traveled to death’s gate,  
Gazed on purgatory’s pain,  
But no torment is so great  
As to love and love in vain.”*

ON A TOWER IN CADIZ

**N**IGHT turns to blended shapes of violet  
The Spanish whiteness of the huddled town,  
With here and there a golden chasm slit  
Where in their gulch the street lamps flare, far down,  
As if a giant glowworm nestled, throbbing  
Betwixt white cliffs and ancient ocean's sobbing.

I climb the Atalaya's winding height,  
Leaving behind the stream of carnival,  
The masquers, flowers, serpentina-sellers  
And laughter where confetti burst and fall;  
Fantastic lighted strings that arch the street  
From balcony to balcony, lithe boys  
Who dart like fish, the medley of a fête  
With music in the hugeness of its noise.



---

*ON A TOWER IN CADIZ*

---

But here, tranquillity of an upper realm,  
A few dark stairs have quenched the cries, the mirth;  
So those who lean out from a seraph-tower  
Remember not the recent roads of earth,  
The mingled turmoil of its fretfulness  
Not rippling once their deep forgetfulness.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**A NAMELESS CITY**

**O**F all the old-world cities, some hill-set,  
Some circled by the sea's blue amulet,  
Out of them all one stands forth, clear and lonely,  
A nameless place glimpsed for an instant only,  
Swift vision of the rail's unwinding scroll,  
Revealed, concealed, etched against sunset light  
(The amethyst flaming of a Spanish night),  
It seemed miraculously limned by some great architect  
soul,  
A bubble of dome on an extravagant height,  
Roofs, palms and parapet massed to a molten whole  
That climbed and glittered upward to their goal  
Until the rushing train swept it from sight.

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

(Andalusian)

THEY used the little tender word  
That means a maid, beloved, unwed;  
They put a tinsel crown upon her  
And on each side her hair they spread, —  
As if she were a ballad-queen  
Decked for a feria on the green.

They strewed pale meadow bloom upon her,  
Spring flowers that glimmer in the wheat;  
They opened doors and windows wide  
And there she lay for all the street  
To gaze upon, a white-wreathed girl  
With candles at her head and feet.  
She might have come from some far place, —  
Curious and awful shone her face.

*The barefoot children whispered round,  
"Look, a mozita lies there, crowned!"*

---

*THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE*

---

The old men paused beside the door  
    And rubbed their eyes and dropped a prayer;  
The hooded women hurried by  
    And crossed themselves and called her fair.  
A trembling child slipped in to stand  
A long time by her moveless hand,  
Smiling at her and touching it, —  
    Perhaps to pierce her sleep, he deemed.  
So near she lay and yet how far!  
    And her fixed marble Silence seemed  
To pity us, who pitied her,  
    As if she thought, 't was we who dreamed.

*"I am become more wise," It said,  
"Than you who wonder at the dead."*

CARTAMA, SPAIN.

**MOONRISE AT MALAGA**

**F**RILLED flat-faced heads frolicked beside our keel,  
Round thistly silvernesses shot and streamed  
And phosphorescent finger-tips played a tune  
Of silent music on the thousand ripples,  
An orchestra of subtler lights prelusive  
To the sudden moon that burst, a creamy flower,  
Spreading its monopetalous disk above  
The quiet rim of the magnificent night.

**THE MUSIC AT SAINT SULPICE**

**I**T streams from nowhere,  
Fills the air;  
Booms like the thunder of a sea  
That washes up invisibly,  
Having no shore;  
As if the pillars and the gloom,  
The spaces vast,  
The height, the strength, the jeweled bloom,  
Made themselves audible at last.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES**

**SWEETHEART**, I shut my eyes and see  
The days of our first comradery,  
A great remembrance blessing me.

At Chartres your face, uplifted, shines  
Beneath the church's noble lines  
And hoary mass like frosted pines.

We seemed to touch within her nave  
The silent hands that were so brave  
To carve and love her architrave;

The lacelike miracle of the choir  
Communed with us, each leaf and spire  
And stiff apostle with hair on fire.

---

*THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES*

---

Strange forethought clouded once your eyes,  
Searching, outside, the golden skies  
For clearer truth than in us lies.

Calm evening drenched the city wall,  
Steep jumbled roofs and towers tall,  
While the still stream reflecting all

Flowed meditative through the whole,  
Like an idealizing soul,

Or as the Virgin in her heart  
Pondered "these things," alone, apart.



---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**PEDRO AT THE SPRING**

(Portuguese)

**WHEN** I was an unchallenged stag,  
I drank at red moonrise.  
The mist hung ragged on my flanks  
And sparkled round my eyes.

When I was Esau such fierce thirst  
Shriveled my tongue  
I slew a ram and quaffed his blood  
And laughed — when I was young.

Now I am Pedro of the Poor  
In Portugal,  
Of Traz-os-Montes where the pines  
Are purple armies tall.

The road speeds white and far away:  
“Drink, brother, drink thee deep.

---

*PEDRO AT THE SPRING*

---

Above thy head the cloud sails high.  
Drink, ere thy next long sleep."

They say that Jesu on the Cross  
Drank and went down to hell.  
I know not if I once was He,  
But this I know full well:

"We all are thirsty travelers  
Bound for the Great Abode.  
Drink to the lees, spill not a drop,  
Have joy and hold the road!"

SEVEN GREEN POOLS AT CINTRA

**S**EVEN green pools at Cintra  
In the pleasaunce of the king  
Where twilight sits and lingers  
Or flits on solemn wing.  
Seven small red flowers at Cintra  
Chanting a muted chime  
By the green pools of Cintra,  
(A toll for passion and crime,  
Or fairy furies' torches  
Burning since olden time?)  
Seven swinging flowers at Cintra,  
Red and remembering,  
They sway where twilight lingers,  
Slender and blood-stained fingers.

Black swans that slide like shadows,  
Red beaks that reach and glow,  
(Red-lipped as royal lovers,  
Ashes, ah, long ago!)

---

*SEVEN GREEN POOLS AT CINTRA*

---

They slipped, black-clad and hooded,  
At midnight through the wooded  
Deeps of Almoçageme.

The tall Rock of the Spindle  
Cradled their bark, who knows,  
Quivering and waiting, waiting,  
For the end of that mad mating.  
(What was the end, who knows?)  
Now the moon begins to kindle,  
Like a climbing yellow rose  
By the sea-wall and the spindle,  
Watching above her garden,  
In violet waves enwhorled,  
The high-roads and the by-roads  
And the sorrows of the world.

Seven green pools at Cintra  
In the pleasaunce of the king.  
Oh, lovers, I have heard your  
Challenge to happiness  
Thrilling the tropic verdure,  
Filling the twilight's hollow  
With silence luminous.  
It was too angel-daring,  
That dream of wind-free faring;

---

*SEVEN GREEN POOLS AT CINTRA*

---

Perforce it ended — thus.  
Oh, lovers, in your caring,  
Epic, tempestuous,  
Ye were too angel-daring,  
Therefore ye ended — thus!

Seven green pools at Cintra  
In the pleasaunce of the king,  
Where twilight sits and lingers  
Or flits on solemn wing.  
Twin swans as dark as shadows,  
Red beaks that seek and glow  
Like eager blood-stained fingers, —  
Folded, ah, long ago.

CINTRA, PORTUGAL.

**A MOORISH FOUNTAIN**

**W**ITHIN the froned garden  
Beside the Moorish spring,  
Jewels of emerald quiet,  
Luster of vines a-riot  
On every mildewed wall  
That ripple, running after  
But never murmuring,  
Save the dark inaudible laughter  
Of an earth-enchanted thing.

Within the Moorish garden  
Slow water-slucices dropping,  
Poinsettia-sepals splashed  
Like heart's blood ebbing, stopping,  
Of some great wounded queen,

---

**A' MOORISH FOUNTAIN**

---

Who in her life has quaffed her  
Full meed of love and laughter,  
And, wreathed with laurel green, —  
Exotic, crimson-trailing, —  
Drinks to the God Unseen.  
COMBRA, PORTUGAL.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**BATALHA**

(The four sons of John the Good and Philippa of England were buried in Batalha, the Battle Abbey of Portugal, 1388)

**B**ETWEEN its lotus-stems  
The well-house drips and sings,  
The palm-tree sighs  
Of ships and Indian gems,  
Of templars, Gothic kings,  
A maid's dark eyes.

Four golden lads you knelt  
Beside this dappled wall  
Within this long sunbeam;  
— Fingering sword and belt;  
— Hearing the great sea call; —  
Each with his dream.

Oh, gallant effigied prince,  
Why wore you on your shield  
One word, *Desir* ?



---

*BATALHA*

---

Time turned to bloom long since  
Dust of your battle-field,  
    Red sowings of the spear.

Still marble shape beside  
Your tragic brother there,  
    Was love your sin?  
He a chained captive died;  
You in the joyous air  
    Struck by your kin.

Twined arches and a rose,  
The emblazoned spheres of him  
    Called Fortunate.  
But all along there blows  
Through cloisters richly dim  
    A Song of Fate.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**THE CASTLE OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST**

(Ordem de Cavallaria de Nosse Senhor Jesus Christo, 1334.  
Thomar, Portugal)

**I**T is too beautiful to be  
A ruined thing;  
It is more wonderful than fame,  
More wistful than the spring.  
(Hark, like the wind's wash in the pines,  
Or surge of distant seas,  
Yon white tree vastly nourishes  
Armies of singing bees.)

The tangerines drop by the tower,  
A caged bird calls;  
The placid verger stops to tell  
Of battle on these walls.  
Ah, to have been in those old days  
The Master of the Knights,  
Building one's great imaginings  
On castled heights!

---

*THE CASTLE OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST*

---

But the Ancient First Embroideress  
    Silently works to fling  
Green robes around the crumbling doors  
    That housed a king.  
It is too beautiful to be  
    A ruined thing;  
It is more wonderful than fame,  
    More wistful than the spring.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**THE GARDEN OF TEARS**

(Quinta das Lagrimas, Coimbra. D. Pedro and Inez de Castro,  
1355)

**SO** stern they lie, untremulous  
On their seraph-watched sarcophagus,  
These two who face each other thus,

One scarce would think that, murmuring low,  
They walked once in the sunset glow  
And laughed and loved here, long ago.

Just as we two this autumn day,  
The loquats tossing creamy spray,  
The steep town shimmering far away,

Leaving quite still these garden closes,  
Shut by high walls and rioting roses,

---

*THE GARDEN OF TEARS*

---

And pale daturas full of shine  
Like opal goblets drained of wine.

What melancholy yet disturbs  
The calmness of the carved well-curbs,  
The rim of faint remembering herbs!

It follows through the yew-tree shade  
And where the gold leaves float and fade  
It swims across the pool's green jade,

And down each fragrant alley clings  
An odor of unhappy things,

A little sob and under-song  
Of joy too brief and life too long.

For in this garden centuries since  
Haunted the steps of that wild prince

---

*THE GARDEN OF TEARS*

---

Who wooed and loved her, in her bloom,  
The wistful figure on the tomb  
Above the marble-wrought Great Doom.

Oft in the starry hushed night-hours  
They wove them wreaths of orange flowers  
Till dawn flamed from Sé Velha's towers.

Did she never cry and catch her breath,  
When strange poinsettias, red as death

And shaped like drops of blood, splashed down  
And mingled with the fairy crown?

Did never a Wraith of Her arise  
And quench for him the sparkling skies? —

*— White, terrible, with unseeing eyes,  
Beyond the touch of love or lord ;  
Yet lifted, crowned in death, adored,  
At her still feet the king's great sword,*

---

**THE GARDEN OF TEARS**

---

*Thus carried to her wrought abode  
Up Alcobaca's desolate road  
As bright with torches and with spears  
As night above the Garden of Tears ;  
Betwixt a kneeling populace  
With horror in each averted face !*

**A HILLSIDE OF WHITE HEATHER**

(Portuguese)

**A HILLSIDE** of white heather  
Dripping with ocean mist,  
And miles of crumpled bracken  
Red-brown and autumn-kissed.

Brown sheep that crowd and nibble,  
Following the mountain rills,  
And little piping shepherd-lads  
Brown as the wind-swept hills.

Two stone mills high against the sea,  
Like Biblical watch towers,  
A walled sheep-fold, a herdsman's thatch  
Drifted with heather-flowers.

The barefoot shepherd boys pipe loud  
Upon their oaten reeds;



---

*A HILLSIDE OF WHITE HEATHER*

---

The ocean mist hangs on their clouts  
Like strings of precious beads.

They care not for the dank sea-fog,  
The gathering white sea-gloom;  
They call their brown sheep down the crags  
And disappear, sheep, song, and rags,  
Swallowed in snowy bloom.

THE STATUES IN THE MUSEUM

**S**TAITUES of fauns and wrestlers,  
Marble-chill nereids,  
Centaur, bacchante,  
Aloof you look and lonely,  
Stripped exiles from those sapphire coasts  
Of long ago.

Ye carven gods and symbols  
Of occult things and awful,  
Serapis, Pallas, Peitho,  
Speechless you stand and humbled,  
Without one kneeling suppliant  
Or votive lamp aglow.

Where are your fluted temples  
Of Pæstum or Girgenti,  
Altar and wreathed oxen,  
Veiled whirling priestesses

---

*THE STATUES IN THE MUSEUM*

---

And the vase-bearing worshipers  
Shouting Aioh?

Instead, a rigid hallway  
Where, pagan, antique, wistful,  
You stand, stared at and jostled  
By mad new hurrying peoples  
With pinched and smileless visages  
Who do not know.

THE UNKNOWN ARCHITECT

(Occasionally in southern Europe an architectural monument is ascribed to an "Unknown Master")

**E**ACH ardent vista, heavenly height  
Uplifted clear, —  
They are the man's thoughts thus expressed,  
The truths on which his soul would rest  
Expounded here.  
This cornice in quaint figures dressed  
Of elves and babes and beasts at jest  
Tells little sportive might-have-beens  
To childhood dear.  
He wrought, forgetting time and place,  
Sweet legends to adorn each space,  
Weaving the marble screen to lace  
Around the choir,  
*As one who spins long memories,  
Gazing into the fire.*

Nor is he now unknown to us,  
This architect of dreams,

---

*THE UNKNOWN ARCHITECT*

---

Who caught the wonder and outspread  
Each springing arch, lost overhead  
In vaulted beams;  
Laid paths down which the eye is led  
Through pillared shadows faintly shed  
To where, a disk of mystic red,  
The great rose-window gleams.  
We have the man, in stone expressed,  
His thoughts, the visions of his rest,  
And, as the rich light streams  
Down the dim aisle and glows aloft  
In dusk and color, it meseems  
The Master of the Workmen oft  
At eve, walked so, apart,  
Through forest lanes that dip into  
The sunset's heart.

WATERFALLS

**N**YMPH of clear waterfalls,  
Singer of madrigals,  
Sprite of sheer mountain-walls,  
    Pensive, precarious!  
Light-hearted troubadour,  
    Lovely and various,  
All one long summer  
I wooed you and followed  
In the forests you sang to,  
The mountains you hollowed.

Oh, the streams of Westmoreland,  
That cloud-land, that hoar land!  
    A waving ribbon 'twixt cliff and cliff,  
    A silver stairway narrow,  
Or you danced away in a floating skiff  
    Or you sped like a moonlit arrow.

---

*WATERFALLS*

---

Oh, the Lüttschine and the Oberland,  
And the milk-white toss of your madcap hand.  
A thousand shapes flung down and shattered,  
A pool of clouds to a bubble scattered,  
    A veil by the west wind cloven;  
And I saw you there,  
Sweet nymph of the air,  
    With your blown braids sunset-woven.

I wooed you in the Rhaetian hills  
When twilight hid your thousand rills,  
    And the cloudlike mists upmounted.  
I loved you for your still white curves,  
And your bright silences uncoun ted,

I loved you by the swift green Aar,  
You were so delicate, so far,  
Resolved to merest color.  
You were so delicate, so far,  
So motionless, above the Aar,  
Like one who listens to heavenly noise,  
So you, a shimmering Breath, a Poise.

---

*WATERFALLS*

---

You ravished me in Italy, too,  
Child of the Apennines;  
Like a white slender campanile  
You gleamed 'mid steeps of vines.  
Or in their solemn gardens you hummed  
More subtly than the bees,  
Where cadence of your vapory ways  
Threaded the cypress trees;  
And in wild Anio's waterfall,  
Your white step soared divinely tall,  
And sibylline and lyrical.

But most I loved you as a Voice;  
In one green Alpine valley;  
A dancing Voice that twinkled, flew,  
Like slim feet of an elfin ballet.  
An undiscoverable Voice,  
Elusive, immaterial;  
A moon-white, teasing ecstasy,  
A ripple of calling melody,  
Remote, aerial.



---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**MONT BLANC**

(Seen from the Pays de Vaud)

**M**IDWAY 'twixt earth and upper air,  
Miraculously hovering there,  
The mystic mountain springs to view,  
Shines, bubble-like, against clear blue,  
A bodiless Shape, a heavenly Hue,  
A thing of light and shadow made,  
Quick at a breath to fly or fade —  
Like frosty penciling of the rime  
On window-glass in winter-time.  
A mystery of sleeping show  
Touched with an everlasting glow  
From some great Face we do not know.

**ON THE ROOF OF THE MILAN CATHEDRAL**

**A DRAGON** heaves a sullen yawn,  
A cherub chants it for the dawn;  
An impious griffin thrusts his claw  
Above the ark that cherubs draw.  
Each, frozen to his fantastic mood,  
Glowers or beams beatitude,  
Fixed in chaotic brotherhood  
As some old sculptor's brain deemed good.

Angel and monster, side by side,  
Placed here these centuries to abide,  
Have you learned tolerance out of pride?  
What language speak you with each other,  
Seraph and wolf-hound, foe or brother,  
At midnight ere the first gleam shows  
On yon far-fixed perpetual snows,  
And you look face to face alone,  
A silent congregation of stone?

**THE BAKER'S BOY**

(Pays de Gex)

**THEY** say it is a mountain peak  
In far-off French Savoy  
That just before a storm, appears  
Wondrous as robes of joy.

I do not know if this is true.  
It floats there sunlight-kissed  
Like a foam-island on the blue,  
A swan's breast in the mist.

Above the vineyards and the grain,  
The dim hill-line of France,  
The blotted shape of moving rain,  
The roof where storm-winds dance,

Beyond, above, you see it now?  
Whipped up of frosty breath,

---

*THE BAKER'S BOY*

---

Of roses on a dreaming brow,  
Of dawns as white as death.

Like some miraculous great cake,  
I always think it is,  
That the Queen Virgin loves to make,  
For in Heaven's House it is,  
And seven archangels stand and bake  
To be God's lighted birthday cake.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

**A MEMORIAL TABLET**

*(O Agathocles, fare thee well)*

**N**AKED and brave thou goest  
Without one glance behind!  
Hast thou no fear, Agathocles,  
Or backward grief of mind?

The dreamy dog beside thee  
Presses against thy knee;  
He, too, O sweet Agathocles,  
Is deaf and visioned like thee.

Thou art so lithe and lovely  
And yet thou art not ours.  
What Delphic word compels thee  
Of kings or topless towers?

That little blowing mantle  
Thou lovest from thine arm. —

---

*A MEMORIAL TABLET*

---

No shoon nor staff, Agathocles,  
Nor sword, to fend from harm!

Thou hast the changed impersonal  
Awd brow of mystery;  
Yesterday thou wast burning,  
Mad boy, for Glaucoe.

Lydia thy mother calls thee;  
Mine eyes with tears are dim.  
Turn once, look once, Agathocles! —  
(*The gods have blinded him.*)

Come back, Agathocles, the night  
Brings thee what place of rest?  
Wine-sweet are Glaucoe's kisses,  
Flower-soft her budding breast.

*He seems to hearken, Glaucoe,  
He seems to listen and smile;  
Nay, Philis, but a god-song  
He follows this many a mile.*

---

*A MEMORIAL TABLET*

---

*Come back, come back, Agathocles!*

(He scents the asphodel.

Unearthly swift he runneth.)

Agathocles, farewell!

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.**

A ROMAN GARDEN

**A**ll night above that garden the rose-flushed moon will  
sail

Making the darkness deeper where hides the nightingale.  
Below the Sabine mountain  
The tossed and slender fountain

Will curve, a lily pale;

And where the plumed pine soars tallest,

'T is there, O nightingale, thou callest;

Where the loud water leaps the highest.

'T is there, O nightingale, thou criest;

In the dripping luscious dark,

Hark, oh, hark!

Wonderful, delirious,

Soul of joy mysterious.

A garden full of fragrances,

Of pauses and of cadences.

Whence come they all?



---

*A ROMAN GARDEN*

---

Of cypresses and ilex-trees,  
Plumes and dark candles like to these  
Were long ago Persephone's.

All night within that garden  
    The glimmering gods of stone,  
The satyrs and the naiads  
    Will laugh to be alone,  
In starless courts of shadows  
    By silence overgrown,  
Save for the nightingale's  
    Wild lyric thither blown.

By pools and dusky closes  
    Dim shapes will move about,  
Twirled wands and masks and faces,  
Dancers and wreaths of roses,  
    The moonlight's trick, no doubt.  
A naked nymph upon the stair,  
A sculptured vine that clasps the air, —  
And then one Bacchic bird somewhere  
    Will pour his passion out.  
All night above that garden the rose-flushed moon will sail  
Making the darkness deeper where hides the nightingale.

---

*A ROMAN GARDEN*

---

Down yonder velvet alley  
    Floats Daphne like a feather,  
A finger bidding silence,  
    The dark and she together.  
Look, where the secret fount is misting.  
Apollo, thou shalt have thy trysting;  
For where a ruined sphinx lay smiling  
The wood-girl waits thee, white, beguiling.  
All night above that garden the rose-flushed moon will sail  
Making the darkness deeper where hides the nightingale.

---

*ON THE HIGHROAD*

---

•

**THE RIDE HOME**

**WE** rode around the shoulder of a hill  
Hunted by twilight, hoping nought, until —

I cannot tell how gray our silence was;  
The huge hills weighed on us, no other cause,

Except it be the wastes of Alhaurin la Torre,  
Those lean folk and their eyes, a wild, an untold story;

We rode our horses slowly, without speech,  
Doubting the way, half-fearful, each for each,

Until — we heard no sound but twilight moans  
Of beast or owl, dim things that house in stones, —

---

*THE RIDE HOME*

---

As still we pushed across the shadowed fells  
And the hollow pass kept curving like a shell's

Coil, widening up and outward, lo, the land  
Suddenly flowed beyond us like an opened hand.

Twilight no more, the mountains riven sheer,  
We swung into a radiant other sphere,

Filled to the brim with sunset such as strides  
Along storm-gilded peaks or foams up with the tides;

The unendurable color of cloud-edges,  
The heart of gems, dawn-fire along sea-ledges.

Aye, here the solid rocks were liquid flame,  
The whole sky soared, a bird for God to tame;

The vines in all the vineyards were shot through,  
And pale green sparks the leaf-tips flashed and flew.

---

*THE RIDE HOME*

---

Pink, purple, lilac, burnt rose, clearest gold,  
From mule-trail to Junquera's faintest fold.

For atmosphere, as by love's touch of grace,  
Makes paradise blossom from the commonplace.

Inheritors of an undreamed element,  
Transfigured, glowing, near together, we went,  
Ourselves grown mystic and magnificent.

---

***THE IVORY GATE***

---



---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**THE SHADOW OF THE HELMET**

(MICHELANGELO'S IL PENSIEROSO)

*WITHIN that never-lifted shadow  
Look out the somber eyes,  
As in deep search eternally  
To be made wise.*

*Within that never-lifted shadow  
What long processions pass,  
God's face upon the waters  
And years like grass!*

. . . . .  
**Remoteness of the sunset  
Where one bird flies;  
Loneliness of love's fellowship;  
A swan's last cries.**



---

*THE SHADOW OF THE HELMET*

---

Ten thousand screaming soldiers;  
A hungry crowd agape;  
A pale recumbent effigy  
With tassels on the cap.

A torch, a maniac emperor;  
Moonlight, a grave;  
A white sky-piercing mountain;  
A hunted slave.

A blind trail in a forest;  
A martyr's hair aflame;  
A dance, a dream, a shadow,  
And lust and shame.

Dynasties, stars and darkness;  
The stirring in the womb;  
Red war, a vulture sitting;  
A tree in bloom.

A jeweled cup of poison;  
A man-child at the breast;  
Drowned cities; grinning idols,  
White kisses of the pest.

---

*THE SHADOW OF THE HELMET*

---

Tears and desires and ashes;  
A sighing breath;  
The sadness of possession;  
A wanton's death.

Captains of ships and swinging corpses;  
Far undiscovered lands;  
Dooms of dead kings, clear laughter;  
A woman's hands.

*Within that never-lifted shadow  
The eternal question lies,  
Unknowable, unanswerable,  
Before the somber eyes.*

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**YOUTH**

**I** AM the unquiet sister with the old wild beautiful eyes,  
Who went forth from my home to seek;  
I am the immortal child who yearned for the moon and the  
    star-sown skies;  
I am the dreaming girl who burned  
For the touch of a god on her cheek.

I am the unquiet sister with the young ancient beautiful  
    eyes  
Whose feet with morning were shod.  
I have traveled the long long road where the caravan smoke  
    and the golden dust up-flies,  
I am the dreaming girl who awoke  
And discovered a vanishing god.

I am the unquiet sister with the gray roving beautiful eyes  
Who plucked at the world in its bloom.  
Ah, to be as I was at first, transparent, eager, unwise!

---

*YOUTH*

---

For the clear little brook I thirst  
Where I drank when the dawn was young  
And the door of my girlhood's room.

I am the unquiet sister with the old wild beautiful eyes.  
I have seen so many things —  
Hope detained in a sightless tower and graves for ques-  
tionings,  
Love that endured for an hour and the eyes of wounded  
things.  
I would like to go back once more, creep back, dark-foot in  
the rain,  
And timidly knock at the door I left. I can never go back  
again.

**THE SON OF HIS FATHER**

(The Steel-Foundry)

**D**ARK, ancient, beautiful is my mother.  
I lay unquicken'd in her flesh  
Till the White God my terrible father  
Plucked me into life's burning mesh.

O white-hot father whose breath begot me,  
I am stiller than the rigid North;  
Earth-Mother whose long brooding wrought me,  
Lo, what volcanoes urge me forth!

Through crucible and shimmer of furnace,  
(The pit, the blast, the blows that stun,  
The traveling crane's eternal hunger,  
He, brainless fierce automaton.)  
Men beat me to their lurid uses  
Forge me, in shops of nether-sun.

---

*THE SON OF HIS FATHER*

---

Now, now, they lash me forth to conquer,  
To storm the blue-black screaming miles;  
To swing aloft on mast-high girders,  
To leap the towers of deep defiles.

To lift the thundering stress of bridges  
With gossamer web of cantilever;  
To scatter battle beneath the sea,  
To plunder, shatter and dissever.

Men have no mind to wait and harken,  
Therefore they are not gods, not they;  
They smoke and surge, they throttle, darken,  
They wring their hands and pray.

They whirl me from the unthinking sheath,  
I, that old Sword without a soul.  
For them I plant the dragon's teeth:  
What God shall make the wounded whole?

**YEARNING**

**T**HERE never was a port of earth  
So lured me as the golden West  
Nor any man of all the earth  
Could draw me like the sea's wild breast;

Not any slumber warm abed  
Consoles me for the lunar sweep  
Of silver loveliness I lose  
When a gnome caverned and asleep.

Nor any fireside's happy ring  
Of smiles and bright familiar faces  
Bears such a message as the arcs  
Of superterrene soundless places.

To walk alert, quick with the joy  
Of human loves and vivid sense, —

---

*YEARNING*

---

But oh, some cloud-shape calls my soul;  
A leaf's caducous eloquence; —

Or just at evening that lone star's  
Beacon on God's vast eminence,  
Whirling his far ænologue  
Of fixed and sad magnificence.



**INFINITY**

**E**ARTH'S pangs and pains, they kiss or stab —  
A puny dwindling exaltation,  
But, oh, the spheral agony!  
To listen at night and understand  
The small steps of eternity!  
To smile and see  
At one's doom-hour, maybe,  
The star-sown Road  
Of a trans-spectral unity  
Curving across men's sleeping hands  
Its wakeful arched illumination.  
To capture once  
The speechless language,  
The haunting flash  
Of death's hushed fulmination!}  
Once to have heard, once to have heard  
The first seed's arrogation —

---

***INFINITY***

---

**The ultimate Challenge,  
The flying Word,  
And then to follow, follow  
Beyond the farthest god's flame-darkened habitation.**

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**VESPERS**

**I** AM become a part of beauty,  
Beauty a part of me,  
The same faint soul that crossed this door  
Never again to be;  
If so I grow with earth's brief breath,  
With silence and man's melody,  
What stature may they not attain  
Who walk in Immortality?

**THE PATH WE NEVER TOOK**

**WHEN** tender spring returns in waves her misty green to  
fling

I think of one who used to love  
The earthly spring.

One day I found a sweet new path through thickets by a  
brook, —

Clematis vines, wild apple-trees,  
And then, our nook.

Her eyes shone blue with great delight — wood-ways she  
loved to know:

“Let’s take that little path,” she cried,  
“Next time we go.”

---

*THE PATH WE NEVER TOOK*

---

But now — where are her eager feet, her child-like eyes  
that shone?

And I — have not the heart at all  
To go alone.

PARIS, FRANCE, 1911.

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**INDIA**

**W**HO are we? Should one live ten thousand years  
He would not glimpse his face.  
(Brother, lie still and dream!)  
Dead priest and prophet, hither, answer us.  
Where flies the soul in space?

Whose hand inscribed us as his cipher code  
Or are we nothingness?  
(Brother, lie still and dream!)  
Not one of us has met his own eyes' gaze,  
The soul's gaze, less.

What is the assuagement of our infinite thirst,  
For life's a throat that drinks;  
(Brother, lie still and dream!)  
Where shall we ease us? Ask the Swastika,  
The Androsphinx.

---

**INDIA**

---

What shall we worship? All is vulnerable;  
Men worshiped once the spheres.  
(Brother, lie still and dream!)  
But now — stars crumble in our hands, things pulverable!  
Discover God and godhead disappears.

Space is — illusion; time — a dial-shadow;  
Substance — a pinch of dust.  
(Brother, lie still and dream!)  
One attribute is irreducible,  
*In Nothingness we trust.*

Dominion, happiness? Bubbles that blow.  
Glory? A clod.  
(Brother, lie still and dream!)  
Beyond the visible lies the Invisible,  
*Beyond that, Nothing, God!*

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**NAY, DO NOT HOARD YOUR DREAM**

**NAY**, do not hoard your dream, poor child,  
That came to bless,  
The beautiful, impossible,  
The Once-Was Happiness.

Nay, do not sit for hours in the dark,  
Crying for that brief glory,  
Even if you wore it once upon your breast,  
Let the dream go, poor child, and take your rest.

Forget the once-was, not-to-be-again  
Beloved rapture;  
What though you thought such joy would never wane,  
The star once fallen, no mortal may recapture.



---

***NAY, DO NOT HOARD YOUR DREAM***

---

**So let it go, and smile, poor child,  
Smile through your tears;  
Build humbler hopes for how else shall you live  
All the long years?**

---

## THE IVORY GATE

---

### THE SWIMMER

**L**AST night all night I swam a direful race,  
Bosoming all night long the long sea-surges,  
Borne by the buoyant billows as they rode,  
Rising and falling like a wind-tossed feather,  
Yet straining with invincible endeavor  
Upward against the downward-pulling sea,  
And outward for the bourne that no man knows  
Against the dreadful drag of heavy shores  
Weighting the body of clay back to its own.  
There was no ship, no sail, no foam-washed isle,  
No fringing reef nor shoulder of wave-washed rock  
But only I, my forehead and my face  
The center of the vast vague of the sea,  
A mote, the smallest in the eye of heaven,  
Battling against the infinite of space,  
Thrusting it backward, mounting to the crest,  
Forward forever, ever stationary,

---

*THE SWIMMER*

---

The center of the vast vague of the sea,  
Derelict of a naked sphere wherefrom  
Gray soldiers of an imminent dawn of Fear  
Stamp out the stars and slay the motherly moon.

INSPIRATION

**A**N old-time habit drove me and  
I entered in.  
The people sat, arrayed, courageous, pale  
As masks, while he, against the pulpit-rail  
Learnedly leaning, roared of human sin  
Full lustily, albeit his look was thin.

After a while his face no more I watched;  
I saw at most  
Rapt pious heads and windows dimly bright,  
Like banks of galley-oarsmen 'gainst the light.  
And soon there murmured, not the worshipping host,  
But far off rhythm and hurl of wave on coast.

I stood beneath the shadow of a cliff,  
A kestrel-hunter, agape,  
A cliff of dreams by gusts of strange thoughts vexed,  
Yet somehow sprung from prayer and psalm and text.

---

*INSPIRATION*

---

High on the brink a great new Thought took shape,  
Gleamed, challenged me, wide-wingèd for escape.

They teach that rhythm is the birth of thought,  
That God is thought alone;  
What would the preacher say if he had guessed  
The far flight 'twixt my lastly and his text,  
Or did their mystic borders touch his own,  
The outlands whence my Visitant had flown?

THE STAR

**BETWEEN** the leaves of elecampane,  
Beside the pasture bar,  
I glimpsed the Evening Star.  
I could have plucked it 'twixt two stalks  
Of feathery weed,  
Palpable as a globe of burning thistle-seed.

Upward I climbed;  
Then it receded motionless,  
No longer by the hilltop bar,  
But proud and far  
On the blue threshold of another world,  
Flashing the while  
From that vast headland where it whirled  
A still and planetary smile.

UNADILLA FORKS.

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**A DREAM IN SICKNESS**

**A**LL night, sweetheart, I fled  
From mortal harm.  
*Nay, dear love, but you slept  
Upon my arm.*

All night Things followed me  
And, moaning low,  
How terribly I ran  
You cannot know.

The torchless road, the swords,  
The shrouded crew!  
*Nay, love, from dark till dawn  
I guarded you.*

Look that I speak the truth!  
This tortured breast,

---

*A DREAM IN SICKNESS*

---

*Dear love, you lay so still  
In death-like rest.*

Was it then rest to me  
All night to fleet,  
With Horror hard upon me,  
The road to beat?

Was it a dream, a dream,  
My gasping breath,  
And that I was a slave,  
Hounded to death?

*Dear love, remember not,  
Those tears you wept.  
It was my name you cried  
Even as you slept.*

Sweetheart, ah, this at least  
I mind me well,  
The glowing altar-tree  
By which I fell,



---

*A DREAM IN SICKNESS*

---

A hunted slave, crying  
On Sanctuary, —  
Then your face shone, my Sweet,  
Instead of Mary.

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**THE INNOCENT**

*Ses pieds sont ici, ses yeux là-bas*  
(Peasant saying concerning idiots)

**T**HE other children have their toys,  
Ronsart and Rose Mitaine:  
He has a hoe and box of seeds.  
She has three ribands and some beads,  
And worsteds in a colored skein.  
“Now, what have you?” says Rose Mitaine,  
“Have you a hoop and such a knife?”  
Cries Ronsart. Never in my life.  
“Then what have you?” says Rose Mitaine.

But when I tell them what I have  
Tittering they turn away.  
I have a rivulet green as glass,  
White-ruffled like a dancing lass  
Oh, you should see it flash and pass.  
I wash my little naked feet  
And learn the song the waves repeat.

---

*THE INNOCENT*

---

I count the minnows one by one,  
The water-beetles run and run.  
And when I say my prayers apart  
The little brook flows through my heart.  
("That cannot be," says P'tit Ronsart.)

I have three poplar-trees that stand  
Like three great kings across the land,  
Like three kings great and gray.  
(Rose Mitaine laughs and turns away.)  
I have a star that is all mine,  
Large as a p<sup>â</sup>sque-flower on a vine.  
It sets behind the purple D<sup>ô</sup>le,  
As clear and sad as my own soul.  
It smiles at me, then drops away.  
("La, is that all?" tittering they say.)

So, when the children nudge and say,  
"Why do you stare so far away?"  
I think a while and then reply: ;  
"There is a wonder in the sky,  
That I have seen and only I."  
The other children shake their heads,  
Ronsart and Rose Mitaine.  
Then say I am an Innocent

---

**THE INNOCENT**

---

Because I see too plain.

*"Your feet are here," they laugh and say,*

*"And yet your eyes are far away."*

I know it, Rose Mitaine.

DIVONNE, FRANCE.

---

**THE IVORY GATE**

---

**THE TREMBLING FLOWER**

**HUSH**, my beloved, let us lie and wait  
With closed eyes in the awful hands of Fate,  
For She who snatched us up in clouds and fire,  
She is our mistress, sole and passionate.

What though She whirled us from unthinking sleep,  
Yet had the elements commingled deep  
With all the sowings of ten thousand years  
The trembling flower of this joy to reap.

The accidents of life were tossed to this,  
Shuddering and kindling to that doomful kiss  
When our two spirits burst to one clear point  
Of flaming inextinguishable bliss.

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**THE FOOL SPAKE**

**A**YE, give one guess!  
It is more soft than death's last sigh,  
It soars on Gabriel's wing more high  
Than happiness.

The goat-boy heard,  
Rejoiced and walked wind-shod;  
The lily on the graveyard sod,  
The voyaging bird,

Have learned it, too.  
'T is older than the morning stars;  
The great king fronted many wars  
Nor heard, nor knew.

---

*THE FOOL SPAKE*

---

It doth outweigh all treasure;  
The footprint where a doe might stand,  
The hollow of the smallest hand  
Contain its measure.

A floating leaf,  
A smile's light, an escaping dream,  
Are not so quick to fade, to gleam,  
So frail and brief.

"It is a bubble,  
A charmed sword, a rune, an amulet,  
For they who wear it, like the gods, forget  
Darkness and trouble."

"Give it to me," the young prince stormed,  
"For battle where thick dust is whirled;  
With flag and scutcheon shall it march  
And win the world."

"Nay, were it mine," a lady cried,  
"Hid were the treasure. 'T would be girt  
Close, close against this throbbing breast  
To heal my hurt."

---

*THE FOOL SPAKE*

---

“Fools,” quoth the fool, “if it were ours,  
The blue sea would engulf these towers;  
The queen, a barefoot maid would sing; —  
Wars — be dim tales, and I — the King!”

CARTAMA, SPAIN.



---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**THE VISITOR**

**S**HE came a-knocking at my door,  
I opened unto her;  
She had the lovely asking eyes  
A man's dead heart to stir.  
She had no name or parentage,  
In tatters she was clad;  
She was the child of sun and rain  
And Spring that makes us glad.

Her tongue was strange and yet full well  
I understood her speech;  
It wove a vision wonderful  
That hour within my reach.  
I shut my hands and sternly spoke;  
And yet I was afraid,  
Knowing that I had wanted her,  
Had called and she obeyed.

---

*THE VISITOR*

---

She smiled and sang: "Come forth with me  
And you shall walk a king,  
Wear gold that makes the blood leap high,  
Teaches the lips to sing."  
She went in rags from door to door,  
Begging, yet spoke the truth  
I shook before her littleness,  
Her beauty and her youth.

I am a great man on the Street  
Towns rule I with my brain;  
But when she smiled and looked at me  
I dared not lie again.  
Almost I took her to my arms  
And left my rich abode, —  
Then, I remembered who I was  
And sent her on her road.

Yet my heart broke to have her go.  
Watching her climb the hill  
I held my hands shut tight and cursed, —  
I see her figure still, —

---

*THE VISITOR*

---

For as she stood against a cloud  
And, like a breath, was gone,  
She seemed an angel with drawn sword  
In likeness of the Dawn.

CARTAMA, SPAIN.

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**THE LIGHTED LAMP**

**I**T was so great a light you held,  
And yet you did not know.  
**I** caught my breath for fear of it, —  
You swung it to and fro.

If you had lost it, all the world  
Could not have given it back.  
You went unconscious as a rose,  
With powers that emperors lack.

A little laugh might blow it out;  
The sacred oil might spill;  
A step might shatter, yet you looked  
With eyes as calm and still

---

***THE LIGHTED LAMP***

---

**As one who had no secret gold,  
No treasure under key,  
Though what was yours would be, if lost,  
Lost irredeemably.  
And I, who read this in your face,  
Prayed God it might not be.**

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**KINSHIP**

**I** HAVE a sister who last year  
Went like a breath of air,  
Whom still it seemed that we should find  
Some day, somewhere,

Till, through long days and grievous nights  
Slow winter changed to spring  
While her great silence grew to be  
A fixed accustomed thing.

Then gradually the void was filled  
By music in the heart  
As of a viewless vast procession  
In which one played one's part.

---

*KINSHIP*

---

Before she went one did not dream  
    The nearness of a star  
Nor how a footstep's space might reach  
    Illimitably far.

Rarely, at twilight or at dawn  
    There comes a clearer sense  
Of worlds beyond that guard our own,  
    Of angels' immanence.

I do not know if this be true  
    That she comes back to me;  
I only know that once on earth  
    I clasped an Immortality.

PARIS, 1911.

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*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**THE THINGS THAT ENDURE**

**WHAT** wish you, immortality?  
Then of frail visions become the wooer.  
Stone cities melt like mist away  
But footsteps in the sand — endure.

Assyria was mowed down like grass.  
Queen Ptah a thousand slaves would give  
To buy her body from the tomb.  
Yet one slave's laugh — shall live.

Words sown upon the air float forth  
Immortal voyagers.  
The solid mountain shall dissolve  
But not that look of Hers.



---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**TO TIME THE MEDIATOR**

**NOT** as a hoary ancient do I see thee  
With reverend step and wary,  
But as a wingèd Whiteness, stilly smiling,  
Half seraph and half fairy.

Bending to molten fragile crucibles: —  
“Slow, slow, — take thought!  
For beauty is the only changeless vessel  
Where souls are wrought.”

Whispering 'twixt lifted hands and blind fierce eyes, —  
“I am Next Year!  
You have already forgiven and forgot  
These wounds that sear.”

---

*TO TIME THE MĒDIATOR*

---

Singing to loneliness who stares at night  
Counting the dull struck hours:  
"I am sweet Noon-Hour in the school-house yard,  
Stringing the yellow flowers."

Crying to doomed and broken lovers: "Yes;  
Worlds moan and drown  
In these your tears. I am Forgetfulness,  
Tricked like a clown."

Tinkling in drained and pitiful glasses: "Thus  
Is born a nobler thirst:  
The unbrewed, the undreamed-of draught shall be  
Diviner than the first."

Not as an ancient harvester do I see thee  
Of cindering loves and hates,  
But as a wingèd Whiteness, looming softly,  
Who smiles and meditates.

---

*THE IVORY GATE*

---

**MOTHERHOOD**

**SWEETNESS** of lips that mine have kissed  
I give to thee;  
Wonder and ardor of a savage girl  
Beneath a golden tree;  
I give thee starry sorrows, life's rare wine,  
And Pæstum and Thermopylæ.

I give thee that white lily sown of sin  
By some called penitence;  
Ballads and battles, ships that dare discover  
And cleave the dark immense;  
Love of the fragile grace of flying things,  
A word's magnificence.

Heart-break of music and the sword-stained glory  
Of lost Granada,  
The chant of laborers and the penciled faery  
Snows of the high Nevada;

---

*MOTHERHOOD*

---

Bronze bells of temples and the mystery-raining  
Silence of Buddha.

The little swelling throats of singing birds  
When vines bend with their passion;  
Aerial sculpture of unconquered clouds,  
The wind's wild fashion;  
And all forgotten tombs where genius dwells,  
Nation by nation.

The shimmer of poplars by still streams of France;  
All rapture stored  
In the blue shadow of a jacinth bank;  
Ruins of towers, an army's glittering rank;  
Pale effigies of lady and of lord;  
Cathedral dusks; — all these shalt thou inherit  
For these have I adored.

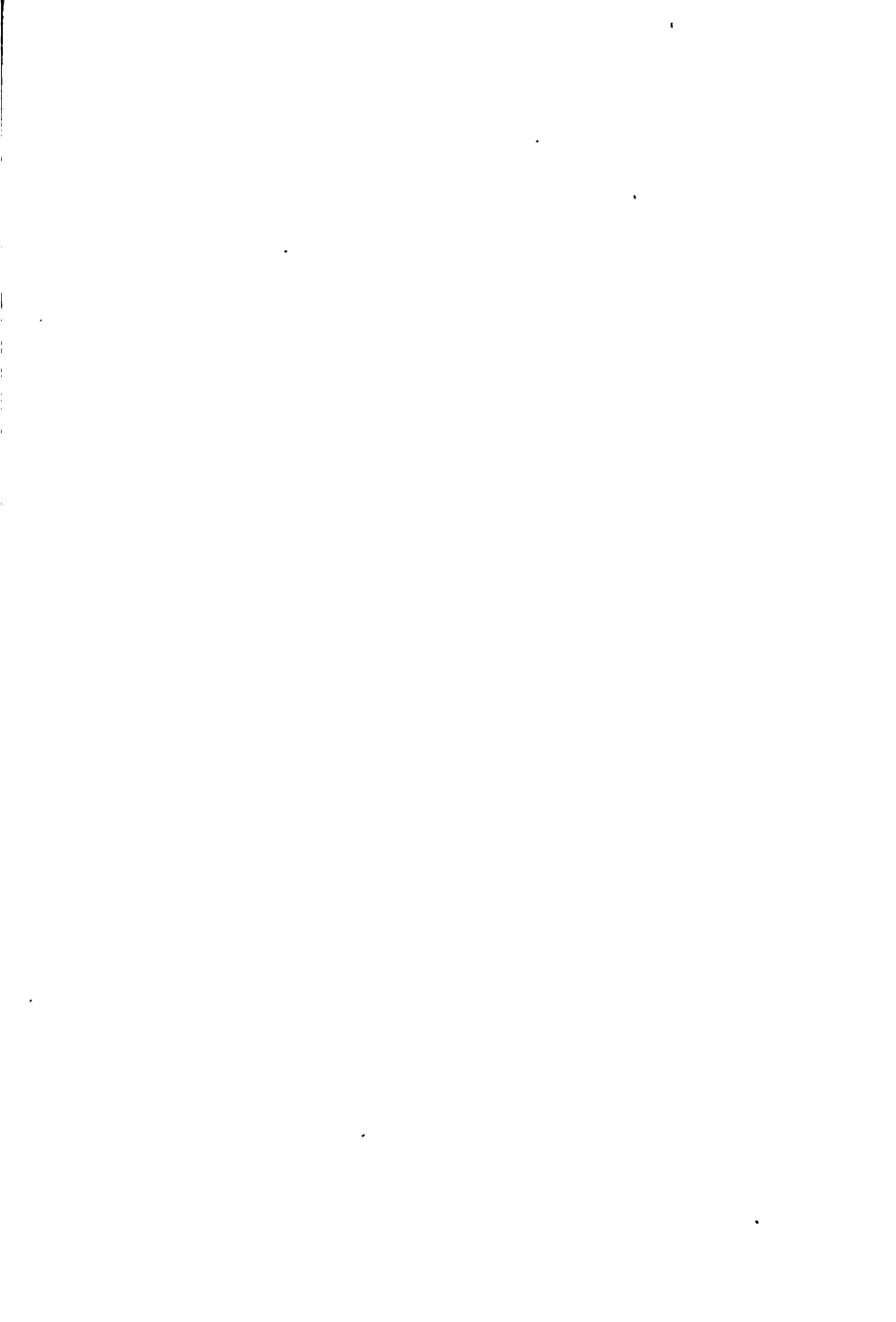
When in a Sabine garden once I drank  
The nightingale's delirium  
I knew not that my soul snatched song and color  
To weave thy shoon of beauty Tyrian;  
"Yea, Nile and Hathor's breasts have rocked this child,"  
Sang Miriam.



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***OTHER WORLDS***

---



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**OTHER WORLDS**

---

**CHRISTMAS EVE**

**I** FEAR ye, Furies, let me sternly lie, a great king who has  
died,  
Pale and magnificent, to overawe in purple pride.

*Nay, Thing, that is not thou, it neither knows nor feels.  
Run, naked Thing, into the night, our hounds upon thy  
heels.*

*Run, nameless Thing, unendingly, with neither goal nor track,  
Run, shuddering like a tyrant's prey, our snakes across thy  
back.*

Who is he that goeth by like a spark blown from a fire?  
*Hush, trouble us not with questions, Thing, for our task is  
dire.*



---

*CHRISTMAS EVE*

---

What is that glow like a misty moon that streams through  
the dreadful night?

We are thy Crimes and answer thee not. Thou art con-  
quered in the fight.

Ah, hither it flies and thither it flies, like a seed in the  
storm's convoy,

Yet it knows its path. Erynes, I pray, to follow this globe  
of joy!

*Nor a wind-blown seed nor a flame, O Thing, but a voyaging  
unborn soul,*

*Frail as a breath on glass, but ah, how it buffets the storm, to  
its goal!*

Oh, cruel Erynes, my bodied Sins, ye may strangle my  
speech if ye can,

But I'll have my say on my passing-day with this soul of  
an unborn man.

Little one, darling one, bird of the border,

Waif of some realm divine,

Whither and why, so valiant and sweet?

Didst thou want for bread or for wine?

---

*CHRISTMAS EVE*

---

*Who art thou, creature, naked and gray,  
With blood on thy outstretched hands?  
The End of an old, old wicked man  
Who was king over many lands.*

Now fear to go further, brave little flame,  
Transparence lovely as dew,  
For temptations are many and tears are scorching  
And happiness comes to few.

*Thou soul of an old, old wicked man,  
Beating upward, dragged to hell,  
Lo, the soul of Christ must be born as a babe.  
Peace unto thee. Farewell.*

I know not the language the little one spake yet there  
flowed from his heart to my own  
The beam of a terrible shining road, a road I must mount  
alone,

I, the soul of an old, old wicked man in whose eyes a babe  
has smiled.  
Erinyes, Erinyes, Erinyes, avaunt! I am saved by the  
unborn child.

**A PRINCE IN VETULONIA**

**WHAT** was it like to be a prince  
Eras ago in Vetulonia,  
Long, long before those naked wanderers came,  
Stern ancestors of Cæsar and Antonia?  
Yea, long before the eagle and his might,  
Purple of senate, shouted plebiscite;  
Long, long before, at rugged Volaterræ,  
Before the insolent obliteration  
Of many a bannered and processioned nation,  
Themselves to fall as falls the crimson berry,  
Races of leaves at sunken Volaterræ.

Gray cycles since, a warrior Iucumo,  
You tossed the mead down from your black amphora:  
To-day your granite hands yet grasp the bowl  
Embossed with symbols of Etruscan flora.  
Neighbors of yours, those dim Volumnii,  
Couchant upon their grim sarcophagi  
Hewn desolate ages since at Volaterræ,

---

*A PRINCE IN VETULONIA*

---

Forever on the lid's unopened brink  
They seize the undrunk cup and think and think  
How, once they drank the wine-cup and made merry  
Eras ago at ruined Volaterræ.

What was it like to battle and to sing,  
To feast and love in Vetulonia,  
Only to crumble into under-soil  
For porphyry baths of some effete Antonia?  
Even then as now the nightingale sang low,  
The cyclamen shook at Pratovecchio,  
The wild hawk swooped upon his breathless quarry,  
And you to Larthia at Volaterræ,  
Now the twin birds of stone austere meet  
And watch below your sculptured moveless feet.  
How swift they once were, prince, and how unwearry  
In that fierce wooing-time at Volaterræ!

THE DEAD TRAVEL FAST

**T**HE Lombard night like some swarth water-lily  
Unfolds its largeness to the darks above.  
Its lucid petals float out languidly  
Dipped in dark silences and secrecy  
Soft as the breast of love.

*I am coming, Violante, from the sobbing battle-field  
Where my face upturned glistens, dripping casque and broken  
shield.  
Was the moon-rise white on Como? It was blood-red when  
I reeled  
With my arms flung crosswise, Christ-like, Violante, when  
I reeled.*

The strange moon rising trembles in the wave,  
The semblance of a cross on Lecco's sheet,

---

*THE DEAD TRAVEL FAST*

---

A giant cross even to the blotted rim  
Of firefly-faint Mandello, slumbering dim  
At Campione's feet.

*I am coming, Violante, watch and listen yet awhile,  
I am leaving the dark terror of the gasping heaped defile,  
Till the smoky dawn discovers the white message of my smile.  
O my comrades, do you wonder that the dead wear such a smile?*

The moon's adventuring sail puts out from port  
Above Palagia's violet-soaring peak.  
What gallant soul goes questing out with her  
Unto the lovely land of Days-That-Were  
And love's dear arms to seek?

*Vaguely swings the Adriatic. Now the domes of Venice shine,  
And I see the great Salute as a bubble of golden wine,  
Now the flickering threads of rivers through the rugged  
Apennine,  
And the peaks of Monte Rosa like a lesser heaven shine.*

A sword of stars crowns Crocione's height;  
The glitter of an archangelic sweep

---

**THE DEAD TRAVEL FAST**

---

Above the white-towered towns that cluster high  
(While battle blackens far off and stains the sky),  
Moon-washed and fast asleep.

*Hark, they call me, Violante, all the unhappy lonely dead,  
In their graves they rise to hail me, they, the unloved and  
unwed.*

*“Whither flectest, blessed spirit, with the radiance round thy  
head?”*

*Ye wan questioners of the Night-time, now at last be answered:  
Only love can purge the wounded and uplift the stricken head.*

That sword of stars whirls downward like a road,  
I hear the sound of wings, and flaming breath,  
I lean from out my window, Love, thy lips!  
The moon-washed world goes out in one eclipse.  
God, is this love or death?

*Violante, I have found thee. I have driven through pains  
immense,*

*For the fugitive spirit conquers, trampling on earth's impo-  
tence —*

*Violante, I conceived not cunning Death's magnificence,  
How his briefest moment brims with infinite magnificence.*

BELLAGGIO, ITALY.

FLAMINIA, FLAMINIA

**A** RUINED bath, a stair that climbs the sky,  
A street of tombs, the noise of passers-by.  
What ancient tale is echoing in my brain  
That I should hear far misty sounds again,  
The clank of spears, a curse, a sudden cry.

I see the grim procession turn and march  
Between the flying horses of the arch.  
The scarlet eagles and the prætor's band,  
And ineluctable doom from one quick hand  
Stern cheeks to whiten and stern blood to parch.

A spiral column lifts its carven height,  
An out-blown fountain flashes rainbow light.  
What memory is it wavers, rushes back,  
A homing falcon down the centuries' track?  
*I am the criminal they seized that night.*



---

*FLAMINIA, FLAMINIA*

---

A roofless frieze, an altar cloven in two,  
A portal where no worshipers pass through,  
Framing the faint Campagna's billowy blue.  
What memory is it wavers, rushes back?  
*Flaminia, Flaminia, 't is you!*

You took me when my hands were hot with blood,  
Between the Lydian spearmen as I stood;  
You had the eyes a man may not forget.  
(I have died a thousand deaths and see them yet!)  
And lips a god might taste and find them good.

Straight you uprose, a creature clad in flame;  
You called upon the lictors for my name;  
You loosed my cords, it was the vestal law.  
None could unloose the memory and the awe  
Of that man's violent heart you pierced and saw,  
*Flaminia, my glory and my shame!*

I do not now remember what my crime  
But I can hear the spears' monotonous rhyme.  
Vanished my name and crumbled my estate,  
Yet this I know that it was iris-time.

---

*FLAMINIA, FLAMINIA*

---

I may have wooed a hundred girls since then  
But surely as I stand 'mid living men,  
This day below the palace of the Cæsars,  
Flaminia, your fierce beauty dawns again.

Not grave and old as priestess virgins are  
But elemental like an evening star,  
A wingèd look in your tempestuous eyes  
And the large step of one who hails from far.

To-day, Flaminia, round your sculptured feet  
White roses grow and iris, as is meet;  
But I, who read the fixity of your brow,  
Perceive your age-long grief, yea, even now,  
For the lost hours that once had been so sweet.

You were a vestal, I a sinning man.  
Have you forgot how swift our glances ran?  
Smoke and gray dust are emperor, eagle, sword,  
But the unsmiling Sibyl will record  
The stormy instant that our love began.

---

**FLAMINIA, FLAMINIA**

---

I feel the insolent fetters bite my wrist,  
One sullen face flares through a crimson mist.  
Flaminia, have the stunted solemn years  
Taught you compassion for the lips un-kissed?  
ROME, ITALY.

---

*OTHER WORLDS*

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**FRA BERNARDO'S VISION**

(Filippino Lippi's picture in the Church of the Badia, Florence)

**I THOUGHT** that I was dreaming on my book  
When first I saw the Lady's golden look,

For evening huddled by the cloister wall  
And monstrous darkness flickered in the hall.

But just above the cypress on the hill  
A shining and miraculous Cloud stood still.

Lady, it is not I but you who sleep  
And the four cherubs watch upon you keep.

In some dear dream of me you floated down  
Above the campanile of our town;

---

*FRA BERNARDO'S VISION*

---

A shadow brighter than clear sunshine drips  
From where you lay your blessed finger-tips;

The perfect calm of your unseeing eyes  
Is calmer than the depth of new-washed skies.

To-morrow when you walk with seraphim  
This dream of yours will be a memory dim,

The Cloud, the book, the soaring cypress tree,  
The little wistful angel at your knee.

Lady, I lay my lips upon the page  
Memorial of your lovely pilgrimage,

And always in my shadowy missal lingers  
The still illumination of your fingers.

**SANCTUARY**

**LIKE** a foul bird I go, half limp, half fly;  
One leg drags back, the red fog's in my eye.

There are some stairs that men climb on their knees,  
Lean clouded fools, but I go not like these,  
Muttering like these.

They for a pale crown in some future life,  
But I, to spare my throat the imminent knife,  
The whispering knife.

The white-faced Christian pirates brag and shout  
Of one King Christ whose ghost still walks about.

---

*SANCTUARY*

---

I, knowing not the crime that I have done,  
Spilling my life-blood, crouch or run and run,  
Through waste lands run.

They say a devil took the good King's form  
And beat Him naked into night and storm,  
A world a-storm.

These eaters of the darkness think I lie.  
I, too, was once a king — a king, I cry.

He wandered to a turbulent nest of thieves  
Who hailed Him lord. Sooth, he who can, believes,  
A child believes.

If that King Christ was once a hunted man  
Knew He my stumbling horror as I ran?

Heard He the leprous hounds bay on his track?  
Was every bush a shape, the starlight black,  
Drowned, weltering, black?





---

*SANCTUARY*

---

They say all night He fought within a tree  
By the tall castle of Gethsemane,  
His battlement a tree.

But when the frightful sunrise struck the hill  
Did His tongue cleave, His very heart stand still,  
Strangled and still?

Once by a great Queen He was comforted,  
Blue-robed she came, a star upon her head,  
Her shining head.

And so before this great Queen's shrine to-day  
No creature dare put forth his hand and slay,  
Phantoms who slay.

They do relate this king will come once more  
And rule — the Cross, the steps, the porch, the door!  
The lighted door!

My wounded foot is like a leaden weight  
(Onward, O King!) — the distance is too great —  
It is too late!

---

*SANCTUARY*

---

They follow hard, by lust of blood enticed.  
Beware, forbear! Perhaps I am that Christ,  
That driven Christ.

My feet refuse, my breath! Death if I tarry!  
In, in! O Christ, to cry out Sanctuary!  
Christ, Sanctuary!

THE GUILLOTINE

*The little page mounted the first step*

SO help me God, my fingers are red  
For love of the Queen, God bless her, he said.  
'T is a gallant world, quoth he,  
When one may win by seven small stairs  
To high eternity.  
But there's a Thing at top of the stairs  
It likes me not for to see.

*The little page mounted the second step*

Gently and slow, quoth he,  
For these seven stairs are steeper to climb  
Than the hills of my Dauphiny.  
Has my cheek yet paled? quoth he.  
Well begun to-day is half done, they say.  
I would 't were not so, quoth he.

---

## THE GUILLOTINE

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### *The little page mounted the third step*

Am I fine on the stairs? quoth he.  
There 's a troubadour sang at our castle gate  
With his foot on the stairs as he fain would climb  
To my lady sister. His brow was elate  
And his plume it shook when he swelled to the rhyme.  
Am I beautiful as he?  
And the song was of love, pardie.

### *The little page mounted the fourth step*

Unbind my hands, quoth he,  
And I shall go gladly up to the top  
When I go like a lord and free.  
Messire, Messire,  
Oh, what do I hear?  
Or a bird or a voice or a bell-note clear?  
*(His own dream wandering on the air.  
For thus they rave who climb the stair.)*  
Nay, gentle sirs, quoth he,  
It is my sister in Dauphiny,  
The gold-haired girl that is calling to me.

### *The little page mounted the fifth step*

Sweet sister, Mélizay, he said,  
By these five fingers dripping red

---

**THE GUILLOTINE**

---

And these five stairs that I have trod  
That go a-bleeding up to God,  
Whatever doth this day arrive  
I fear not any soul alive.  
I beg you when the stairs are done  
Kiss my red fingers one by one  
And tell the dear Queen I went up  
As if I bore her banquet cup,  
Steady and smiling all the way,  
As you have taught me, Mélizay.

*The little page stood on the fifth step*

Here let me pause, quoth he.  
Good gentlemen, I see a sight,  
Dust, foam, a banner — (*'T is a mite ;  
His eyes do not perceive aright.*)  
Quoth he, It is a mighty bird,  
Red-shouldered, savage, undeterred,  
Most like a wingèd flag, quoth he,  
The oriflamme of Saint Denis.  
God, but it leapeth lustily!  
(*He walks already as one dead,  
And this the vision of his head.*)

---

*THE GUILLOTINE*

---

*The little page mounted the sixth step*

Ah, it is brave, quoth he,  
To stand so high, to look so far.  
Grant me a moment's grace, I pray,  
To thank my Queen for this her day.  
Hola, hola, quoth he.  
There's one rides fast, comes like a blast,  
The horse is white, quoth he.  
And that strong scarlet bird I saw,  
The oriflamme of Saint Denis.  
Look, gentle sirs!  
*(His vision blurs,*  
*It is the death pang in him stirs.)*  
It is my sister, friends, quoth he,  
The gold-haired maid from Dauphiny.  
Unloose this scarf that I may wave.  
Grant me this boon before the grave,  
This little boon, prithee.

*The little page mounted the seventh step*

*(Seven griefs, seven sins, droned one,*  
*Before man's life is done.*  
*Our Lady pity thee !)*  
Pray on apace, quoth he.  
Hola, hola, her crimson gown  
Flames through the ramparts of the town!

---

**THE GUILLOTINE**

---

Aye, dashed with foam, aye, dark with mud,  
Streams forward like a blot of blood.  
My sister rideth well, quoth he,  
The gold-haired girl from Dauphiny,  
How good I paused to draw one breath.  
Avaunt, avaunt, the Thing called Death!  
Sister, how brave you bear, quoth he,  
The oriflamme of Saint Denis!

*“The Queen’s own hand has sealed the deed.  
Kind gentlemen, I beg you read.  
Where is my little lad?” cried she,  
“My eyes are dimmed, I cannot see.”*

*The little page stood on the seventh step*  
Lo, I am mounted high, quoth he.  
The view is passing fair, pardie;  
Sirs, I commend your courtesy.

Sister, the tears have wet your cheek.  
Now listen to me while I speak,  
I did not stumble on the stair,  
I only paused to breathe the air,  
And that was not a wrong, quoth he,  
What did the dear Queen say of me?

**TEMPTATION**

**I**N the reflective largeness  
Of evening's yellow shore,  
Her room all swept and garnished,  
There sat one by her door.

An ancient house her neighbor  
Stood like some wreck of flame,  
With sunken sightless windows  
Close-shuttered in their shame.

Far in the distance hovered,  
Hung in the purple night,  
Mysterious, faint and starry,  
The City of Delight.



---

*TEMPTATION*

---

Down the long road of evening,  
The ribbon-lying road,  
There came a stranger singing  
Unto the maid's abode.

Her voice was like the wailing  
Of some weird violin;  
Her raiment was like sunset  
And swathed her to the chin.

She paused upon the portal,  
Spake to that lonely one:  
"How chill it is and empty  
At setting of the sun!"

The lonely one made answer:  
"The land is very still  
And all night in my chamber  
I hear the whippoorwill.

"In this dull house beside me  
There seems but little stir  
And yet it hath a tenant.  
Oh, the wan look of her!

---

*TEMPTATION*

---

“But yonder is that City;  
All night the street-lamps glow,  
And underneath their splendor  
The people come and go.

“Here in this quiet country  
My neighbors are but few  
And they go forth and leave me,  
Go forth by two and two.

“Sometimes to sound of weeping  
They close and lock the door;  
More oft with bugling laughter  
And they return no more.

“Always there comes the stranger  
Whose face I cannot see,  
And down the dwindling distance  
They pass in mystery.

“I, too, await a stranger,  
Blowing on flute or fife,  
To burst upon my quiet  
And call me into life.”

---

*TEMPTATION*

---

Glittered the starry City,  
Trembled the twilight land,  
Whereat a touch like silver  
Fell on the maiden's hand:

"I am the one awaited,  
I come to summon thee  
To life and love and knowledge,  
A passionate trinity."

The lonely one made answer:  
"Thy face is clothed with dusk,  
Thy garments smell of burning,  
Thy hair of wine and musk.

"Lean down unto me closer  
And speak me low thy name."  
The stranger leaned yet closer  
Her sleepless eyes of flame.

. . . . .  
Her voice was like the wailing  
Of some weird violin;  
Her raiment was like sunset  
And swathed her to the chin.  
. . . . .

---

*TEMPTATION*

---

“Yes, I will lead thee quickly  
Unto thy soul’s desire.  
Thy head shall be anointed,  
Thy feet be shod with fire.

“Even so they went aforetime  
Who vanished from thy view  
And all within that City  
Walk thus by two and two.”

The lonely one made answer:  
“When I have tired of thee,  
Still must thou follow after,  
A dogging Memory?”

But hark, upon its hinges  
A rusty door makes moan.  
In the tall weedy garden  
The neighbor walked alone.

She leaned across the twilight  
Upon the shattered gate.  
Her hair was gray like thistles,  
Her voice how desolate.

---

*TEMPTATION*

---

“Maiden, her name is darkness  
And long are her demands.  
Her touch hath been upon thee,  
Go in and wash thy hands.

“A life ago I listed  
The siren voice of her  
Whose garments smelled of burning,  
Whose hair of wine and myrrh.

“My feet were worn with walking,  
She would not let me rest,  
And her two eyes unsleeping  
Burned holes into my breast.

“I came back to my dwelling,  
The dust was on the floor;  
And still her shadow sits and sits  
Moveless within my door.

“Maiden, her name is darkness  
And long are her demands.  
Her touch hath been upon thee,  
Go in and wash thy hands.”

**WHEN SHE CAME TO GLORY**

**N**AY, loose my hand and let me go!  
God's glories pierce and frighten.  
I want my house, my fires, my bread,  
My sheets to wash and whiten.

I liked the dusty roads of earth,  
The brambles and the roaming;  
I liked the flowers that used to fade,  
The small lamp in the gloaming.

The fields of God they blind my eyes.  
Dread is this heavenly tillage.  
I want the sweet lost homeliness  
Of the dooryards of our village.

---

*WHEN SHE CAME TO GLORY*

---

Where are the accustomed common things,  
The cups we drank together;  
The old shoes that he laced for me,  
The cape for rainy weather?

Dear were our stumbling human ways,  
His words' impetuous flurry,  
His tossed hair, the kind anxious brow,  
The step's too eager hurry.

Oh, tall archangel with such wings,  
Your beauty is too burning!  
Give me once more my threadbare dress  
And the sound of his feet returning.

BUYING AND SELLING

**I** HAD a vision at Nizhni-Novgorod,  
In the long street of the Caravanserai:  
For days I had bartered my shimmering heaps of carpets,  
Satin Bokhara, marvelous weft of Amritsar,  
Persian Moussul and faded rugs of Arabia  
Bought for a song from the skeleton children of deserts,  
Tawny wanderers weaving beneath a palm-tree.  
They alone know the loneliness of the sand-miles;  
I had seen them beat their breasts, the wild-eyed nomads,  
Offering, each one, his sole ancestral treasure,  
(Years of how many lives enmeshed within it,  
Youth of how many hearts distilled for its color!)  
Yet I smiled as I said to myself in fat complacence,  
"Brave and benevolent art thou, Mikhail Mikevec,  
Buying for nought from the famished hands of beggars,  
Selling again at the price of a prince's ransom!"

Suddenly saw I among the plash of peoples,  
Hither and thither, bearded and belted Mollahs,



---

*BUYING AND SELLING*

---

Mussulman merchants crying, fruit-sellers of Georgia,  
Half-naked boys with bulbs of Tifis in baskets, —  
Suddenly saw I, and I was awake, not dreaming,  
A Splendor approaching, robed and wingèd.  
None accosted him, none even gazed or wondered,  
For they were blind to him, yea, such things may happen!  
Then perceived I that He, the Splendor, knew me,  
Showered upon me a golden ardor of sternness,  
Such as of old the Glory that strove with Jacob.  
Innocent, snowy, terrible, strode he toward me,  
In his hand a crimson purse redder than heart's-blood.  
Dreaming, the buyers and sellers bickered and bartered,  
Dreaming all others at Nizhni-Novgorod,  
I alone being aware of Him, the Transcendent,  
One of those mystic Sephiroth governing godhead,  
A Beauty, inscrutable Height, a Grace or a Wisdom,  
Such as walk through the Kabbala's twilight pages,  
Sent to me straight from the burning seat of heaven.  
Yea, such things may happen!

“Highness,” I cried to him, “Highness, stop, consider!  
Carpets and tapestries woven for dancing angels!”  
(Such was I then, eager to ply my traffic,  
Think of the joy of me, Mikhail, being purveyor  
Unto his lordship the mighty Czar of heaven!)  
Slowly the Splendor took up my shimmering fabrics,  
While I who read on his brow the undimmed innocence

---

*BUYING AND SELLING*

---

Of the untrafficking streets of Paradise,  
Named him my price. Exorbitant? Nay, surely a trifle!  
Who would insult the Almighty by mean moderation?  
And I knew that wingèd Sephiroth would stoop not to haggle.

But as the Splendor unclasped his purse of crimson  
Trembling and terror consumed me. Lo, down-dripping,  
Drop after drop of scarlet stained my Bokhara.  
Awfully towered he, the Wingèd, above me,  
Counting out with blood-drops my tale of exorbitant rubles.  
"Highness," I moaned in my terror, "lo, thou art squeez-  
ing heart-blood!  
Crushed in thy hand 't is a human heart thou spillest.  
Blood, it is blood thou art counting, Radiant Presence!"

Opening his lips he spake, the Snowy Splendor:  
*"Anguish of child-birth has spun the woof of the carpet;  
Death has sat by the loom with his feet on the treadle.  
Merchandise bought from the poor — unto God the price thou  
must render!  
Bought for a song but the song is of lamentation.  
Blood, O Mikhail, blood, is the sacred coin of heaven."*

This was my vision at Nizhni-Novgorod.  
Yea, and I speak the truth. Such things have happened.

---

*OTHER WORLDS*

---

**WHITE AZENOR**

**T**HIS is the story my grandmother told,  
And never finished, of White Azenor:  
"White Azenor was such a fluttery thing,  
She never knew the time to go to bed.  
White Azenor was motherless and had  
A-world too many dreamings in her head.

"White Azenor was such a starry thing;  
She had great eyes that made you want to pray,  
And yet when angelus rang at close of day  
White Azenor was off and far away.

"White Azenor sat on a glisteny rock,  
Like a white sea-bird, white of all the flock.  
White Azenor was motherless and so  
The kettles went unwashed till midnight of the clock.

---

*WHITE AZENOR*

---

“White Azenor was such a blossomy thing,  
Like a blowing branch of snowy roadside may.  
Old men looked twice when she went by their way  
And crying children stopped to hear her sing.

“White Azenor was such a dreamy thing,  
You never saw her kneel to scrub the floor.  
For she was like a white moth on the wing,  
She dipped and flew at twilight out-of-door.

“The good-wives sighed and scolded and they said:  
‘White Azenor, she never will be wed.  
She sings too much and laughs too much and has  
A-world too many dreamings in her head.’

“Then something happened to White Azenor.  
A sort of ancient Wonder-Thing befell.  
My great-grandmother knew the story well,  
I’ve heard her mutter it and croon and tell  
A hundred times at moonrise by our door.

“But I — I have forgotten how it ran;  
I had the ending, child, when I began,

---

*WHITE AZENOR*

---

And now it's slipped away like a creel of thread.  
I cannot bring it back and yet I know  
It's clear as day somewhere within my head."

This was the story my grandmother told,  
And never finished, of White Azenor.  
Oh, what became of her? I do not know.  
Does she still fly at twilight out-of-door?  
I do not know. Perhaps when you are old  
You too will not remember any more.

And so because Grandmother cannot say  
The end of Azenor I like to think  
She is that snow-white bird who skims to-day  
Along the ocean's rocky brink.

---

*OTHER WORLDS*

---

**I HAD A DREAM**

**A DREAM**, you say, no mortal man may bind!  
Imagined gold waking one does not find?  
Which, then, is real, the road where gropes the blind,  
Or starry trails of his unstumbling mind?

So from the windless country where things seem,  
But no sound comes, rushes a silent stream  
That whirls my swimming soul far out to sea  
Borne by the strong white waves of this my dream.

THE GREEN GLADE

(Portuguese)

**T**HERE'S a green glade, Soares,  
'Twixt Almol and the sea,  
Set in my dream as far as  
The shore of Time-to-Be,  
Where green caves guard the Lares  
Of immortality.  
I shut my eyes, Soares,  
And through the glimmer they march,  
Tree-ghosts in green procession,  
Thin wings in lifted arch;  
They sob, they throb, they pulsate,  
Like lips in silent prayer,  
A lost maid's last confession,  
(Dead lips, drowned gold of hair.)

A green glade, green and stiller  
Than swans' deserted nests,  
Or phantoms of the Tiller,  
Mirage of green sea-crests.

---

*THE GREEN GLADE*

---

There Spring, the earth's cup-filler,  
With pale young blossomy breasts,  
In that green glade, Soares,  
Brews wine of love-in-death;  
And swaying through the tender  
And flame-tipped trees  
Sings like a doomed net-mender  
At green dawn by dim seas.



**ANGUS THE OUTLAW**

**L**ADY of love, upon a green spring day  
In Broceliande,  
I caught the falcon fled from your pleasure;  
I touched your hand.  
I am that beggar whom you shone upon  
A moment at the stile  
And then they flung me to the road again,  
Rich with your smile.

Lady of love, perhaps one future day  
Your tears will rise;  
The beauty of the dawn, a too-sweet song  
Will cloud your eyes.  
Know then that somewhere on some lonely hill  
I watch that dawn  
And that my sorrow is the lute you hear  
When noise is gone.

---

*ANGUS THE OUTLAW*

---

Lady of love, as I shall thread alone  
A sullen wood  
Dead petals of a rose drifting will fall  
And stir my blood.  
Then shall I gather those curled ruined leaves  
Close to my breast  
Thinking that once, perhaps, upon your bosom  
They knew sweet rest.

And if upon your trembling bed you wake  
Some wind-swept hour  
And see a wild face in the moon-lit cloud  
Tossing above your tower,  
Lady of love, 't will be the ship of passion  
Wrought of pale fire  
And I the cloudy pilot driving her,  
Driven by desire,

You will imagine in strange dreams that night  
A moated pond,  
A ragged fellow who bears you in his arms,  
A vagabond;  
And waking you will sit and stare and say  
"How real it seems!"  
Lady of love, 't is I that carry you  
Captive in dreams.

UNFINISHED LIVES

I

THE world revolved, swam in a rosy mist,  
Her feet I wreathed and kissed;  
Fate called to conquer, suffer or rejoice,  
I only harked her voice.  
Millions passed by. I sought in every place  
Her solitary face.

What happened, lover, at the end to thee,  
What guerdon or delight?  
Lord, pity me! I lost her in the night.

II

I heard the maniac city surge and roar;  
I closed the door  
To still the clamor and I drew the blind  
So to forget my kind.

---

*UNFINISHED LIVES*

---

I said: Neither against or with the stream,  
But I will weave my dream.

Oh, misanthrope, what in the end for thee,  
What wove thou of those strands?  
Lord, Lord, have mercy, heal my shriveled hands!

III

Thick darkness fell and with no cry but one,  
The Horror cometh. Run!  
There seemed no use. The dead wails rose and jeered.  
It was Myself I feared.  
Better to end it all and be forgot,  
And so I fired the shot.

What wishest thou, O suicide, of Me,  
What gift or grace?  
Lord, lift me up but hide from me Thy face.

IV

I saw men stagger, struggle, faint and fall;  
I loved them all.

---

*UNFINISHED LIVES*

---

**They were misshapen, ugly, snarling elves,  
They were *Myselves*,  
But blinded to the Gleam. "Look, friends!" I cried,  
For I would be their guide.**

**What happened, shepherd, at the end to thee,  
What gave they, crown or sword?  
Teach me to understand. They slew me, Lord!**

**THE BIRTHPLACE OF MORNING**

**W**HERE is the morning made, worldlings,  
On the reef of what solar sea,  
Where the star-dust spins  
And a sphere begins  
In the womb of velocity?

Where is the morning made, oceans,  
That gradual wonder-brew?  
Poured from whose hand  
On what headland,  
Creating life anew?

Where is the morning made, lowlands,  
Kindling your limitless edges?  
Ye may plunge the night through  
To corral and pursue  
While the Prairie-Torch leaps from your ledges.

---

**THE BIRTHPLACE OF MORNING**

---

Where is the morning made, cities,  
What kings and what powers confer?  
What burning sky-helms,  
What towering realms  
Are touched with the first dawning-stir?

Where is the morning made, mountains,  
The hush of that great Intimation?  
A whiteness stiller than death,  
A silence, a signal, a breath —  
Lo, the Alps up-fling salutation!

Where is your morning made, spirits,  
The dawn-soul freed of its bond?  
(‘T is the symbol of birth  
For the threshold of earth.)  
But beyond and beyond and Beyond?

**THE DEATH WOUND**

**I** THOUGHT to lie in peace beneath the mould,  
To staunch my wound with darkness, fold on fold,  
To sleep, forget and sleep until the world grew old.  
But ah, to beat thus upward on slow wings  
While that my wounded bosom drips and sings  
A stave of hurt intolerable things.

*(Gabriel, a soul comes with a bleeding breast.  
Go thou and lead her to a place of rest.  
Nay, for the wound was at his hand whom she loved best.)*

They told me Paradise was a white abode  
With never crying or dark or ocean flood,  
But all I see is tears and blood, blood, blood.  
I hear whisht sounds and birds beneath the roof;  
Brave foreign creatures move, they talk, they stand aloof;  
Their gold eyes shine like sunlight through a woof.



---

*THE DEATH WOUND*

---

*(Raphael, thou knowest my unabashed swift mind!  
Go thou, who led Tobias to the blind.  
Thou art half-woman, radiantly kind.)*

I did not know that Heaven could be so cold;  
Creatures, nay, come not near but let me hold  
This sword unto my heart till God is told.  
Yes, I am cold because of blood I spent  
And of the piteous way by which I went.  
I thought that here in Heaven one got content.

*(Gabriel and Raphael, listen while she speaks!  
Earth's darkness is upon her troubled cheeks.  
Oh Michael, what is this red dream she seeks?)*

How calmly that last night we kissed and slept,  
Then in his dream — "Love, must it be?" he wept.  
How sweetly that last night we kissed and slept  
Until he rose and knelt above the bed  
And stabbed me and the reluctant sword-point sped  
Clean to my heart. "Love, pity me," he said.

---

*THE DEATH WOUND*

---

*(Gabriel, this earth-soul with a bleeding breast,  
To clasp the sword that killed her is her quest,  
To kiss the blow of him that she loved best.)*

Was my poor life a thing to hug and save?  
Perchance if I had smiled and been more brave  
He would have tossed a rose into my grave.

*(Michael, sword-bringer, for thee this task is meet.  
Lift the four corners of thy starry sheet,  
Take thou her sword and lay it at God's feet.)*

Lo, they have reft away the crimson sword  
By which alone high heaven should be adored.  
Give me to die again, O Lord, O Lord!

Once more to know the rapture of the bride  
Within his arms as on that night I died,  
Then the sharp steel forever in my side!  
Brave Creatures, give me back the sword, she cried.

---

**THE DEATH WOUND**

---

*(Gabriel, this earth-soul with a bleeding breast, —  
Go thou and lead her to a place of rest.  
Nay, for the wound was at his hand whom she loved best.)*

**THE TWO TRAVELERS**

**SO** short a time ago it was they two looked face to face  
And then, between those two, the sudden  
Vast silent Space.

No portent came, even that last time, the while he left her  
door,  
To whisper that it was farewell  
Forevermore.

Always he sees her standing there: "Write soon. Good  
luck. Good-bye."  
Nor did they dream one was to travel  
Beyond reply.

---

*THE TWO TRAVELERS*

---

“You and your ship — the wide blue ocean — it seems so  
far,” she said,  
Yet farther, farther, farthest, she,  
In her still bed.

They two who tramped to school together when they were  
playmates small,  
Now one beside the knees of God  
Understands all.

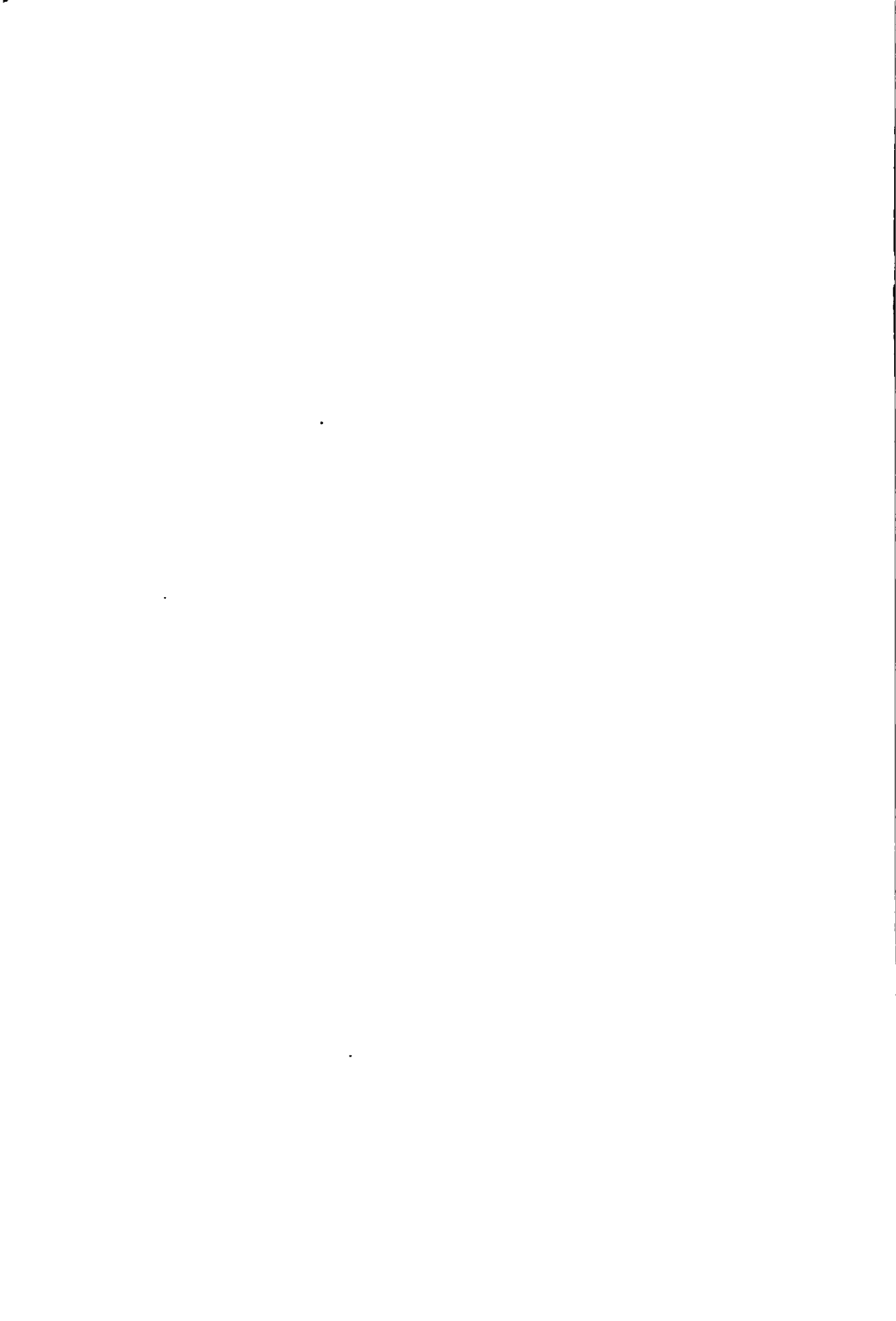
Thus, wakeful nights, he thinks and thinks, watching pass  
many a star,  
Of Time, of Beauty, and that she  
Is where They are.

PARIS, 1911.

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***THE SOUL AND THE EVIL DEED***

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*THE SOUL AND THE EVIL DEED*

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**THE SOUL AND THE EVIL DEED**

BY MAUD WILKINSON

*The Evil Deed to the Soul*

**F**ROM tracks convergent through the vast of night  
My stranger atoms gathered and the deed  
Was sown, in thy one reckless hour, a seed  
To ripen and put forth its evil might.  
In vain against such strangling arms to fight!  
I suck thy life, insatiate; thou shalt bleed  
My thirsty veins to swell, my flesh to feed,  
As still I cling upon thee, a moveless parasite.  
Through wide-eyed nights and gray mechanic days  
My Protean forms shall fix thy startled gaze,  
That ever fresh and hot the shame may sting.  
I have bowed thee down that used to float and sing;  
I have blanched thy lips to shudder in amaze:  
*"I am a soul that could have done this thing!"*



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*THE SOUL AND THE EVIL DEED*

---

*The Soul to the Evil Deed*

Thou foul shape taken by my shapeless thought  
One idle moment, — Out by that same door  
I opened once. Out! aye, return no more!  
My living self thou hast not snared and caught;  
Only an obscene semblance hast thou wrought  
Of mildewed garments that the soul once wore.  
Even now my free exultant self doth soar  
Above the storm by which her wings were taught.  
Abhorred deed, thou hast no part in me,  
For when the light shines then the shadows flee.  
Thou shell of my dead thought, where is thy power  
Except I brood upon thee, cringe and cower,  
A muzzled slave, — but this is not to be,  
For I am born again, yea, every hour.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The Soul to the Evil Deed" was a conclusion projected, but never completely worked out, by my sister. From fragmentary but significant notes and phrases found among her papers under the above title, I have endeavored to build up the sonnet according to her rough draft as faithfully as I might.

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***THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH***

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**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

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**PERSONS**

<b>YVES</b>	<i>Baron of Quimp-Aven</i>
<b>GUINETH</b>	<i>His Daughter</i>
<b>RODIC</b>	<i>A Druid Player</i>
<b>ARMEL</b>	<i>Count of Kerity-Penmarch</i>
<b>LE NOUËT</b>	<i>An old Physician</i>
<b>MARGOT</b>	<i>A Maid-servant</i>
<b>PERRONIK</b>	<i>A Little Lad, an Innocent</i>
<b>THE BAZVALEN</b>	
<b>THE BREUTAER</b>	
<b>FANTIK</b>	
<b>A LADY</b>	

*Musicians ; Servants ; Courtiers*

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## THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

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### THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

(A Play in One Act)

**SCENE:** *A hall in the Château of Quimp-Aven. A raised platform for musicians at the left. Behind it a stairway and door leads to an upper chamber. The great door at the right leads to other apartments of the Château. A window opens on a low balcony at the back, which in its turn conducts to the garden. The walls are hung with tapestry, partly concealing the balcony window. A couch, a footstool, and a small table occupy the stage-center. There is a deep fireplace. Massive sideboards of Breton carving line the walls.*

*When the curtain rises, MARGOT is shown arranging the cushions on the couch. PERRONIK runs in, hair and fingers dripping. He stands, resting on his oar, a strange little figure.*

**PERRONIK**

Margot, the sea, the sea!

**MARGOT**

Hush, simple! What of the sea, then?

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**PERRONIK**

“Hush, simple! What of the sea, then?” Woman — thy name is — Margot.

**MARGOT**

Thou wilt drown thyself some day with this sea-madness. And thee a slim switchling that can no more put about our Breton barges than Lady Guineth.

**PERRONIK**

What, I? And Lady Guineth? But we love the sea, both of us, and we are kin to the little White-Skirts out there. To be drowned! What is that? Only to rest in the great bosom of Mother Ankou, the sea-mother. She rocks us to sleep, to sleep.

**MARGOT**

Hush thee, with this shivering talk of Mother Ankou — and this my mistress’s wedding-day, and she, poor lady, has lain abed two days.

**PERRONIK**

Linen bride leads by the hand sackcloth joy.

**MARGOT**

La, folk will understand you when sea-gulls talk, no sooner.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

PERRONIK

My little brothers, the sea-gulls, speak to me every morning. By the same token, Margot, I will tell you this. Lady Guineth is a linen bride, for her face goes white as a sheet at Armel's name. Therefore the joy she gets of him is sackcloth, for it is no joy at all.

MARGOT

Poor Perronik. Your feet are here, but your eyes are over there, — in the next world, you know.

PERRONIK

Where are my ears, then?

MARGOT

Where King Marc'h's were, under his long hair. But lookee, Lady Guineth would have her way and she's on the stair now. Off with you. I'll tell you later of the wedding-robe. It's all the color of the sun in May.

PERRONIK

I saw it, Margot, at the white lavoir,  
The Washers of the Night were washing it.  
The Washers of the Night, those three gray women,  
Who wash the unhappy sheets for crying brides.

MARGOT

*(Clapping her hand on his mouth)*

Off with you.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**PERRONIK**

The White-Skirts are dancing. There'll be a storm this night. (*Humming an old Breton air*)

Koantik ro marionik,  
Koantik a delikadd.

(*Enter by hall door YVES and GUINETH*)

**YVES**

Lean upon me, my daughter.

**GUINETH**

(*Withdrawing from her father*)

I am strong.

**YVES**

Look how you sway, my little lily girl.

**GUINETH**

(*Waving him backward*)

The floor swayed under me.

(*MARGOT supports her as she half falls on the couch.*)

**PERRONIK**

Dear heart! The floor swayed under her, as the floor of the ocean might sway under drowned souls. But who ever heard, Sir Baron, of a château floor swaying like water?

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**YVES**

Your ear, poor dunce, takes but the outer sound;  
Your heart arrives not at the inner sense.

**MARGOT**

*(Kneeling by GUINETH)*

Ah, goa, goa! Look to her, Sir Yves,  
Her hand is hot like fire. I have heard tell  
There's a prime fever cure at Saint Léonard,  
You pluck a black snail from some cranny or crevice  
Of the moss-grown northern wall with your own fingers  
And hang it down your neck in a grass-green bag.

**GUINETH**

A round wet shiny snail! You sicken me.  
Saint Léonard save me by some other cure.

**YVES**

Saint Léonard save her by some other cure  
Of high-born ladies, not of peasant folk.

**MARGOT**

I know a-many it has cured, Sir Baron.

**GUINETH**

The singing in my ears!



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**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**PERRONIK**

*(At the window)*

**The bells of Is!**

**YVES**

**The bells of Is! That city under the sea!  
That city of drowned souls! Hush, Perronik.  
The bells of Is foredoom calamity.  
They have not pealed for twice a century.**

**PERRONIK**

*(Undisturbed)*

**Your ear, poor dunce, takes but the outer sound.  
Your heart arrives not at the inner sense.**

**YVES**

*(To PERRONIK, threateningly)*

**Out with you.**

**GUINETH**

**Father!**

**YVES**

**Nay, I'll have him flogged.**

**GUINETH**

**His father saved my life when I was little,  
And the high tides took my childish wandering feet.  
Have you forgotten?**

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**YVES**

I must not forget.

Impudent, freakish, wild, he stands forgiven.

**PERRONIK**

I am forgiven.

**GUINETH**

Go, little one.

*(PERRONIK stands by the garden window. A violin sounds from below in the garden.)*

**PERRONIK**

The music.

*(Exit PERRONIK by the balcony window.)*

**GUINETH**

*(Drawing a long breath)*

Hark to the music! I am rested now.

The walls are steady and the floor lies quiet.

**YVES**

*(In wonder)*

The walls, the floor! They have not moved at all.

**MARGOT**

*(By GUINETH)*

The roses blossom in your cheeks again.

Lady Guineth is fair —

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

So I have heard

Too many times.

**MARGOT**

The flowers, the broidery —

*(A strain of music comes from the garden.)*

**GUINETH**

Go to the window, Margot; look below.

Whence comes that strain of music from the garden?

*(MARGOT goes to the window.)*

**YVES**

White cloth and silver broidery like frost

In sparkling fretwork on the dead white snow,

And mists of lace about your golden hair, —

Guineth, you shine like some clear northern dawn.

**GUINETH**

I hate this brave attire, too white, too cold!

**YVES**

What would you, daughter?

**GUINETH**

Colors, rags and dreams!

To run like a forest flame from hill to hill,

To be clothed in flaming suns from head to feet,

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

To leap, to burn, to be a singing terror.  
To warm my hands in the blood of Babylon,  
To quench my thirst with the cup of Kings outrageous.

YVES

You have a fever or you speak in riddles.  
(MARGOT makes a gesture calling GUINETH to the  
window. GUINETH rises. YVES watches her  
curiously.)

What's your desire, Guineth?

GUINETH

Nothing or — yes!  
Father, your child's desires are overtopping,  
Instead of which — seed-pearls and samite!  
(To MARGOT who whispers in her ear.)  
What?

YVES

Margot, enough! We need no more of you.  
(Exit MARGOT. YVES gazes at his daughter.)

GUINETH

(Interpreting his look)  
I am bridal-beauteous, am I not? A thing  
All sweetness, whiteness, modesty. A thing  
Frigid as Virtue with her missal book.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

YVES

But the bride's robe becomes you well, Guineth,  
And that deep sapphire glow within the eyes  
Is a fair portent for the bridal night.

GUINETH

I hate the name of bride!

YVES

Child, speak not so.  
The maiden hate is but a maiden shame  
Soon changed to love within your husband's arms.

GUINETH

Father, as we look face to face to-night  
Let not a mockery be the wall between us.  
Read in my heart. I'll open it to you.  
It is no virgin fluttering of the pulse  
That makes me tremble when I touch Armel.

*(A castle bell strikes the hour.)*

One hour is left. I want it. Give it me.  
Then Armel's silken fingers, and the bright  
Hawk-shrewish peeping court of Quimp-Aven.

YVES

Guineth! Yet ever were you rash of speech  
And stormy like a day of March.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

GUINETH

Not March,

Midsummer rather, with scorch of trembling suns  
And sudden winds that turn to ink the sky  
And sudden rains that whiten the vexed sea.

YVES

But listen to me —

GUINETH

*(Rising)*

There is nought to say,

My father, that I have not heard before  
An hundred times.

YVES

One word!

GUINETH

Yes, I am wild,

And you are wise, I difficult to please,  
And Count Armel of Kerity-Penmarch,  
Is rich in virtues and in — lands, forsooth —

YVES

Nay, nay!

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

GUINETH

The court approves the splendid match,  
And I myself will know myself, perceive  
My folly of the past and thankfully  
Bow down before the Golden Idol. He,  
He is the god decrees 'twixt Quimp-Aven  
And Kerity-Penmarch this marriage-bond.

YVES

It grieves me, daughter, on your wedding-day  
That you should chatter like a peasant girl.  
Remember you are Armel's honored bride,  
Countess to be of Kerity-Penmarch.

GUINETH

Remember? Ah, would God I might forget  
That I am lady, not a peasant girl.

YVES

Guineth, by your own will you were betrothed,  
Two years ago.

GUINETH

Two years ago, before —

YVES

What, before what?

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

GUINETH

Before I was a woman,  
Before I knew what love and life might be,  
Before I knew the shining heights of heaven,  
Before I knew — (*She reels.*)

YVES

Why do you look so strangely,  
Guineth, my child! Some fever fires your blood.

GUINETH

Ice at my heart and fire within my brain.

YVES

Stay here in quietness. You are not well.  
Le Nouët with his simples will I send  
To ward the sickness from you. (*Exit YVES.*)

GUINETH

Herbs will not,  
Balsam of tree or pungent root, bring ease  
To soothe the sore heart or the wounded soul.

PERRONIK

*(Appearing suddenly at the balcony window)*

I know a cure for sickness, tweedle-dee-dee,  
It 's walking in the garden up and down,  
The pretty bird-box thrust beneath its arm.



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*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

GUINETH

Rodic?

PERRONIK

He goes by the name, but he 's the piper  
Your mother sang me about and all the world  
And the good little folk dance to his piping, she said,  
You will keep step to it, mistress, even to-night;  
Poor Perronik will listen at Tal-Yvern.  
(That is a wonderful cavern deep from shore.  
It 's hung with maidens' dreams for tapestry.)

GUINETH

I 'll not keep step to music any more,  
Except to fairy piping, Perronik,  
And that, they tell me, comes to those who die.

PERRONIK

It 's a good and pleasant thing to sleep and die;  
My father was a naughty naughty man  
To snatch you back from the White-Skirts long ago.  
Do you hear them calling?

GUINETH

The White-Skirted waves?  
Ah, Perronik, are you happy, happy you?

PERRONIK

I am always happy.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

Yet we are not kind  
And we do not understand you, Perronik.

**PERRONIK**

Their breath does not blow on one, the unkind people's.  
It's to understand myself that makes me happy.  
Lady Guineth, do you understand yourself?

**GUINETH**

*(Spreading her arms, signifying the emptiness of her bridal  
splendor)*

Little child, Perronik, how old are you!  
This thing called I is deep beyond all reading.  
Oh, coward that I am, weakling of fate,  
Rebel at heart, yet vassal to my father.  
Brooding above the blossom of to-day  
I lose the gardens of the large to-morrow.  
Like a miser hugging his one gem, while Time  
That coins a countless treasure passes by,  
Slips irremediably and leaves him beggared.  
Love, for thy sake I held my peace and dared  
Not stir, not breathe within my house of cards  
For fear it tumble round my lover and me,  
When lo, it fell, and, fool, I find myself  
Built round about insidiously, with these walls,  
These walls impregnable to happiness.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

Once they had crumbled at a finger's touch.  
Now 't is too late, too late, too late! Oh, fool!

PERRONIK

Am I the fool?

GUINETH

Nay, I, and now too late  
I am grown wise and know.

PERRONIK

'T is always late when you take the long way home.

GUINETH

The long way home?

PERRONIK

It is so dark and winding.

GUINETH

There is no home but the beating heart of love.  
A hundred different ways my soul is torn,  
And my thoughts scatter like the autumn leaves  
Eddying and whirling in the wild west wind.  
The easiest way has always been my doom;  
I've drifted down the current with the tide  
Until I reach the all-engulfing sea.  
To hate Armel, to love Rodic, to be

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

Bride of Armel and mistress of Rodic;  
Never to dare to tell my father all  
And yet to tell him half, to his amaze;  
Win his distrust, yet suffer his commands;  
Persuade myself to play the daughter's part  
Yet yield my heart in secret to Rodic,  
To be the creature of a thousand moods,  
And never to be happy, is Guineth.

**PERRONIK**

Don't cry, my lovely lady! I will teach you.

**GUINETH**

What will you teach me, innocent?

**PERRONIK**

The secret.

**GUINETH**

Truly?

**PERRONIK**

That's it. Aye, "Truly" is the secret.

*(He starts to go, GUINETH detains him.)*

**GUINETH.**

Nay, tell.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**PERRONIK**

*(Dragging to get away)*

It's on the lips of all the world.

"Aye, truly, sir," and "Truly, lady," they say.

But they that speak the word are none the wiser.

There's the great secret. But you'll not remember.

*(Exit PERRONIK.)*

**GUINETH**

*(Thinking)*

"I'll not remember."

*(Enter by hall door LE NOUËT and MARGOT)*

**LE NOUËT**

'T is the fever from over-joy, belike, and too much brooding on veils, wimples, and broidery patterns.

**MARGOT**

I have seen merrier brides, and for veils and broidery patterns she might be Saint Hildegarde, for all she broods on them. Ye'd best not go into divination, Le Nouët.

**LE NOUËT**

Your saucy ignorance does not know how deep

We doctors delve into the human heart.

*(He holds GUINETH's wrist.)*

Hum, hum, it leaps too fast. Margot, my simples.

*(MARGOT arranges his bottles upon the table.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

Good leech, I am not ill, but over-wrought.  
Some soothing essence that will bring me calm;  
This amber liquid pleases.

**LE NOUËT**

Oleum

Amaygdalæ expressum, excellent —

**MARGOT**

To fill an old man's mouth.

**GUINETH**

And this black horror?

**LE NOUËT**

Extractum pulsatillæ fluidum.

**MARGOT**

(Mockingly)

Extractum toadius and frogidum.

**GUINETH**

'T is poison to the taste?

**LE NOUËT**

A tang of bitter,

A nutty after-smack, but bringing sleep  
And coolness to the riotous heated brain.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

GUINETH  
(*Tasting it*)

I like it.

LE NOUËT  
Look, dear lady, I will measure —

GUINETH  
(*Watching*)

Six tapering drops, and if I drink too much?

LE NOUËT  
An overdose, a spoonful, lulls to sleep,  
Stilling the heartbeats, and one does not wake.  
(*To MARGOT, as he goes out*) See, Mamselle Ignorance,  
what wisdom is.

(*To GUINETH*) Take care!

(*Exeunt MARGOT and LE NOUËT.*)

GUINETH

I will take care. Vision of heaven!  
Two spoonfuls in the wine — Rodic and I —  
Instead of life and trouble, love and death!

(*PERRONIK's words suddenly come to her. She  
remains a moment lost in deep thought.*) :

It's on the lips of all the world, he said.

Why should it haunt me so, his innocent babble?

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

"Aye, truly, sir," and "Truly, lady," we say,  
But if we lived it, life were happiness.  
That's the great secret! Oh ye kings of the world,  
Look what a conflagration. That's the torch  
To light the hungry traveler to his home  
On the beating hills of love.

*(She walks about as if with a flambeau held high aloft.)*

A light, a light!

YVES

*(Outside)*

Light, bring the lights.

*(Enter YVES and Maid-servants with candles)*

You walk here in the dark?

GUINETH

No, father, I am in the blessed light.

YVES

Ah, you are happier, my own girl again?

GUINETH

*(Aside)*

Now to confess and tell him all the truth,  
Stake my heart's happiness on this last throw.  
Father, you love me?



---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**YVES**

Child, I love you truly  
Even as a father should.

**GUINETH**

A loving father  
Will make his daughter happy?

**YVES**

Truly so.

**GUINETH**

"Aye, truly, sir," and "Truly, lady," we say.

**YVES**

What's that?

**GUINETH**

A rune that chanted in my brain.  
If I should ask some strange outrageous thing?

**YVES**

Speak on.

*(PERRONIK appears on the balcony, unseen by those  
in the room. He beckons to some one below.)*

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

GUINETH

Father, were I to ask this boon,  
A broken troth with Armel of Penmarch,  
And to be wed this night with young Rodic?  
(RODIC *appears on the balcony beside PERRONIK and  
listens.*)

YVES

The druid stroller?

GUINETH

Yes, but prince at heart.

YVES

The zithern-player, Rodic?

GUINETH

Father, the player  
Of heavenly harmonies on the lute of life.

YVES

The weaver of strange steps, Rodic, the druid?

GUINETH

The weaver of strange steps, who knows the ways  
Of the soul's enchanted forest.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

YVES

What, Rodic?

Saint Gildas' holy ashes, you are mad.

A heathen vagrant, jabbering devilish charms,  
The leader of a crew of starveling fellows!

Zounds! I would see you sooner in your grave.

*(RODIC makes movement and GUINETH sees him.)*

What, have you seen a ghost, you went so white?

Look, ho, we have a listener! See the arras!

*(YVES draws his sword.)*

GUINETH

A puff of wind.

YVES

*(Moving to the balcony)*

I'll thrust it with my sword.

GUINETH

*(Restraining him by her hand)*

Father, I jested when I named Rodic;

An idle jest, a silly jest, forgive me.

YVES

By halidame, the arras did not tremble

For silly jest!

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

PERRONIK

*(Leaping forward from the balcony)*

Poor Perronik, good sir.

YVES

How came you here?

PERRONIK

On N'Oun Doaré's horse.

YVES

Speak plainer.

PERRONIK

Truly, sir, I came afoot.

Know-Nothing was a simpleton like me.

He had a horse that flew, in his head, you know.

YVES

Begone, begone!

*(Exit PERRONIK.)*

GUINETH

Strange little Perronik,

Uncanny innocent! Now leave me, father.

Le Nouët's cordial steals along my blood

And weights my eyelids.

*(She sinks upon the couch.)*

YVES

Rest in peace; farewell.

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

GUINETH

I shall not trouble you again with such  
Poor fitful freakishness. It is a mood  
That passes with the cheerful candlelight.  
Knock for me at the hour.

YVES

Rest well, my child.

*(Exit YVES. GUINETH locks the door and puts the  
key on the table.)*

GUINETH

Rodic, Rodic!

*(RODIC parts the tapestry and runs forward.)*

RODIC

Guineth, my own! *(They embrace.)*

GUINETH

Once more! *(They kiss.)*

So rash, so rash. Rodic!

RODIC

I came in fear

For your sweet sake. The simpleton fetched me hither  
With a breathless tale of the White-Skirts of the sea,  
And drowning souls and truth like a hilltop torch,  
Guineth and tears and a sword, and I know not what.

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

GUINETH  
(*Laughing*)

Half, 't is the babble of waves on a shining beach.  
And half, an oracle's wisdom, yet, Rodic —

RODIC  
I ran like the wind from the forest where I dwell.

GUINETH  
You heard the ebb and death of truth in me?  
For I, the coward ever, dared not speak!  
And this my marriage-day, that darkling ever,  
Has hovered like a vulture in the blue.

RODIC  
All the great future lies within one's hands.  
Why shall one choose the less?

GUINETH  
Ask me not why.  
Oh, I am sick of whys and argument.  
Why does the house-fly creep into the web?  
Why does the night-moth flutter to the flame?  
Why do I hate Armel and worship you?  
(*She clings to RODIC.*)  
(*Some one tries to open the door.*)  
Hark there!

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**RODIC**

The doors are locked?

**PERRONIK**

*(Appearing at the window)*

Locked, locked,

As she is now within your arms, Rodic.  
But in a moment, tirra-lirra-la,  
The silly music and the silly folk,  
Armel with lace about his blue-veined wrists,  
Sir father with the bristling hoary brows,  
And Guineth like a kneeling frozen saint.  
There is a smirking idol sits on high,  
Whose glossy fingers mete out gold and gold  
And breaking hearts are coin of the realm to him. <sup>v</sup>  
*(Exit PERRONIK; GUINETH has listened affrighted.)*

**RODIC**

Nay, nay, Guineth, two lovers, when they will,  
May snatch the topmost fruit from paradise.  
Why shall we not wrest happiness out of life  
And fling defiance at the Golden Idol?

**GUINETH**

Hush, my Rodic, you do not dream his power,—  
That Golden Idol worshiped by the world.  
He holds both you and me upon his palm.  
Look, Rodic, no more hours of happy freedom.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

They clip my wings and clap me in a cage,  
Then comfort me with mincing baby words  
And pink forefinger thrust between the wires.  
That's Armel's way with Fifou, my woodpecker,  
And Fifou's wild black eye gleams murder at him.

RODIC

Name me not Armel. Sweet, this is our hour,  
As if it were the last hour upon earth.  
We are like two upon a coral isle  
Set in a waste of slow-upswelling sea,  
That narrows ever till it laps our feet.  
Guineth, this hour is high tide of the sea.

GUINETH

I would that it were so! How sweet to die,  
Locked heart to heart and rocked to sleep forever!

RODIC

Sweeter to live! Mind you the day, Guineth,  
When we two sat beneath the whispering pines,  
The solemn pines that sentinel the shore,  
You with the idle zithern on your knee.

GUINETH

Beloved zithern, master of our fate!



---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

RODIC

And a vagrant wind, like the soul of a druid rune,  
Came tiptoe down the stairway of the trees,  
Whispering of memories and mysteries,  
Exquisite ancient melancholy things?

GUINETH

Yes, I remember.

RODIC

And I took your hand  
In mine and sought the soul within your eyes.

GUINETH

Yes, I remember.

RODIC

And you yielded to me  
With such a sweet shy grace and then we leaned  
Closer together till our lips grew one.

GUINETH

*(Listening as if inspired)*

I know, I know! That was our spirit wedding.  
I'll not betray that hour.

RODIC

God in you speaks.

*(Knocking at the door. GUINETH pushes RODIC  
behind the tapestry.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

Wait for me, wait. They must not find you here.

*(Knocking repeated.)*

*(Aloud.)* Who's there? I will lift up before the altar  
The torch of truth. Stand like a statued thing  
Or the light arras will betray you. *(Knocking.)* Yes!

**YVES**

*(Without)*

Guineth!

**GUINETH**

Yes, father.

*(She unlocks the door. Enter YVES and ARMEL.  
Greetings from ARMEL.)*

**YVES**

Who is here?

**GUINETH**

**I, I,**

A new Guineth, cured of her ancient grief.

**ARMEL**

*(A meager, effeminate personage)*

I bring a garland weighted with my love  
And perfumed with our hopes of happiness,  
To grace your beauty at the wedding-altar.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

GUINETH

*(Balancing the garland as if to weigh it)*

It seems not over-heavy with its burden.

*(ARMEL binds it upon her head.)*

YVES

Now to the Chapel!

GUINETH

Has the good priest come?

Father, I'll have no priest but him alone —

YVES

Aye, he will come.

ARMEL

Now to the marriage-altar!

*(GUINETH takes her father's arm and looks backward as she slowly leaves the room.)*

GUINETH

And afterwards, — God only knows the After.

*(Exeunt GUINETH, YVES, ARMEL.)*

RODIC

*(Appearing: speaking solemnly)*

God and the Idol toss the dice for her future  
Beneath the Oak-tree of the Isle profound;

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

The great Player bides his time like the White Reaper,  
But when he strikes, his stroke falls like the Reaper's,  
Swift, sudden, silent, sure and pitiless.

PERRONIK

*(Appearing at the balcony)*

One does n't bring back a runaway horse by cracking the  
whip.

By to-morrow's sun the scythe falls like a blind man's  
cutting air.

RODIC

Innocent!

PERRONIK

Innocent you! Look in the stables and you see the horses  
saddled.

RODIC

Whose?

PERRONIK

The Sea-Horses. They will bear you off to freedom.

RODIC

What d' ye mean?

PERRONIK

Keep your wits about you, Rodic. The Sea-Horses will  
ride far to-night.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

RODIC

*(The sea for the first time is heard beating against the sea-wall.)*

*(Musingly)*

What if to-night the mighty Atlantic rose  
And whelmed this fragile city of the sea?  
What if to-night Guineth should speak the truth —  
I at her side —

*(Voices.)*

YVES

*(Outside, in consternation)*

A laggard priest, forsooth,  
That cannot breast the high tides of our sea!  
*(Enter, talking, YVES, ARMEL, GUINETH, LADIES and GENTLEMEN. RODIC steps outside the balcony.)*  
What though the waves beat loud? Our boats are worthy.  
I would have given him half the city's tax.  
A wretched beggar's bedside. Pouf!

GUINETH

*(Pitifully)*

A dying man!

ARMEL

*(With a slight sneer)*

Is there in Quimp-Aven no other priest  
To serve a baron's will?

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

YVES

It was her whim.

And yet I have a chaplain of the castle  
He is sick abed — but he shall serve my bidding.

GUINETH

That other is so noble in his bearing  
He lends a kingliness to each ceremony.  
Pray, let us wait.

ARMEL

*(Perfunctorily)*

Your pleasure is my law.

YVES

Child, will you not give welcome to our guests?

GUINETH

Dear friends, such joy gives thanks for comradeship.

*(YVES goes toward the window to look for the  
belated priest.)*

YVES

There's one outside.

GUINETH

*(Under her breath intercepting him)*

Father, I beg you, I that am your child,

One moment longer I must be alone  
On this last night.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

A LADY  
(*Overhearing*)  
"Alone?"

YVES  
"On this last night!"

GUINETH  
Until the feast. It lacks some minutes yet.  
After the feast, the altar.

ARMEL  
(*Loudly, turning toward YVES*)  
First, the feast?  
A strange reversal, this?

YVES  
So be it, fair count.  
Our guests are bidden. We must give them cheer.  
'Tis passing cold to wait i' the mouldy chapel,  
And the priest is late. God knows he must have reason.  
So — warm ourselves, eat, drink! A novel custom —

ARMEL  
(*With forced gallantry*)  
We'll make this custom habit in Quimp-Aven.

GUINETH  
(*To PERRONIK*)  
Send Margot to me with my tiring-things.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**PERRONIK**

To make you beauteous. I will fetch her to you  
Fast as the Gray Wolf's wife home to her husband.  
Trust me, mistress.

**GUINETH**

*(Watching him)*

Off like the wind he goes,  
Flies up the stairway like the magic sandals.

**PERRONIK**

*(With a knowing nod)*

Trust me, dear mistress. *(Exit PERRONIK.)*

**YVES**

*(To his guests, withdrawing)*

Come, for she is bride,  
Mistress to-night of all our moods and minds.  
*(Exeunt all but GUINETH.)* *(RODIC appears.)*

**RODIC**

*(Staring at GUINETH's white-garlanded face)*

This wreath? You are wedded, then?

**GUINETH**

It is God's will —



---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**RODIC**

*(Interrupting)*

No god of mine —

**GUINETH**

Aye, listen and understand.

It is God's will — no priest has come — I am thine.

**RODIC**

You are mine, mine, mine. You have made the great confession?

**GUINETH**

*(Faltering)*

Because the priest came not I held my peace.

But I shall speak.

**RODIC**

Is it so hard, Guineth?

Yes, yes, I know, your world, your church, your blood.

You bear the burden and I who am so strong

Must stand, must wait, — be dumb —

**GUINETH**

Long were you dumb!

**RODIC**

I have learned the use of silentness. — What am I,

Son of an outcast priestess, knowing naught

Except to play. Thrust forth from each man's door.

And what was I, to lay commands on you?

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

GUINETH

Mine is the task. My life they will not touch —

RODIC

Ah, if you were a wanderer like myself,  
Or a druid girl with oak-leaves in her hair!  
Off with this hateful wreath!

GUINETH

*(Hurling the flowers from her)*

Rodic, I swear,

Thus do I fling away all falseness from me,  
The poisonous flowers of falseness — thus and — thus!  
Lay your commands upon me —

RODIC

Sweet, I love,

I love you. But I am your Sorrow.  
The music beating at the heart of me  
Sings, "Take her and forsake her never. Flee  
To the deep forest, lovers."

GUINETH

How far, think you,

The druid player and Guineth might go?

RODIC

As far as paradise and the throne of God.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

To-morrow all the country would be rife  
With trumpet-call, sword-song, trample of hoof,  
Wild noise of horse and rider, riding down  
The poor lost lady and the druid thief.  
If we had fled, it should have been before,  
Before the great light broke upon my soul.

**RODIC**

The light of love?

**GUINETH**

Yes, and the light of truth.  
Rodie, when I was little wrong and right  
Were hedged off from each other like two fields,  
And wrong was plainly wrong and right was right!  
But now —

**RODIC**

Is one not braver far, Guineth,  
Who dares to do great wrong unflinchingly  
Than one who vacillates?

**GUINETH**

But what of her  
Who dares to do the right unflinchingly  
At cost of life or freedom? I must be true.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

I have cheated them. I have tricked them with my lies.  
Armél, my father, Quimp-Aven, the world.  
To say one thing, to think and be another,  
To love and not confess before the world,  
That is not noble. I shall stand to-night  
And say — “Father, Armél, my friends, all ye,  
I have wronged you, promising with alien lips  
What the heart promised not. I was afraid.  
I trust myself to your nobility  
(Rodíc, the world is better than we believe).  
I do not love this man that you have chosen,  
The noble count of Kerity-Penmarch:  
I love Rodíc the nameless druid player  
And I would give my heart and life to him.”

RODIC

*(Embracing her)*

This is like music I have dreamed. How far  
Will the brave vision lead us, you and I?

GUINETH

As far as Paradise and the throne of God.

RODIC

*(Taking from her bosom the vial)*

What's this?

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

Le Nouët's draught. I thought one time  
That rather than the altar this were right.

**RODIC**

Poison?

**GUINETH**

Nay, peace, a medicine, to bring  
One moment of dark sleep, windless and deep,  
To those who suffer. Or —

**RODIC**

What else?

**GUINETH**

Or death!

**RODIC**

Give it to me.

**GUINETH**

Nay, fear not now. My hand  
Will wield a brighter sword than that of death.

**RODIC**

Yet give it me, for, after your confession  
What may befall?

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---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

GUINETH

List, if my courage fail,  
By the amber glow of death in this small bottle  
I pledge myself to you.

RODIC

You will not fail.

I — I shall play the music for the feast.  
And know, Guineth, my music shall be lord,  
Lord of the heart, a kingdom limitless.  
I'll tear their very souls to-night with love.  
I'll weave enchantment till the world dissolves.  
I'll conjure palaces to float in air,  
Then, when this mist of sweetness blinds their eyes  
And their wild pulses beat untamably,  
Then, Guineth, is the crystal hour of fate,  
The globèd moment when you shall draw their wills  
With flaming truth, a torch in your lifted hand.  
(What little hands to hold so great a beacon!)  
Watch me, aye, listen, as you sit at wine,  
To my violin's savage ulalune, a god  
Imprisoned that shall sing, shall sing revealing  
What things we cannot dream. He is silent now  
Until I lean my ear, I, suppliant,  
And draw my bow across the quivering strings,  
Then shall the great ecstatic god, unleashed,  
Burst like an oracle forth of heavenly doom.  
Twice shall I draw my bow across the strings,

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

When I hear the approaching Moment's rush of wings.  
Twice shall I draw my bow across the strings,  
The sound will fall like leap of mountain springs,  
Or mellow thunder that the heat-time brings.  
The third sign is the last sign. Then, Guineth,  
It is your hour to speak the uttermost things.

GUINETH

My lover, I shall listen and understand.

*(Voices are heard at the door.)*

Hark, hark, the people. Rodic, hide yourself.

RODIC

I will slip downward by the balcony.  
Remember the three oracles of my music.

GUINETH

Look, look, the guests are in the garden now,  
The lanterns twinkle in and out the trees.  
Mount upward by these stairs and take that door,  
'T will lead you to an upper chamber. Go.

RODIC

*(As he disappears)*

Forget not that the third time is the sign.

*(Exit RODIC.)*

*(PERRONIK rushes in ahead of the people. Their voices are heard and the lights seen twinkling in the garden as the doors are opened.)*

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

**PERRONIK**

Lady Guineth, shall I be page-o'-the-steps,  
And open the door that leads you to the light?

**GUINETH**

The light is so far off. Oh, Perronik,  
There 's blood upon your hand.

*(Enter YVES)*

**PERRONIK**

It does not hurt.

**GUINETH**

There 's blood upon his fingers, father, look!

**PERRONIK**

'T is only where I was knocking at the door.  
It had been closed so many centuries.

**YVES**

What door, you scatter-brain? Tut, run away!

**PERRONIK**

*(To GUINETH)*

I may open the door and let the children in?



---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

Yes, let them in and play with them yourself.

**PERRONIK**

I will let them in if I can find the key.

*(Enter guests. They regard PERRONIK in amazement)*

**YVES**

He's a fantastick, always pranked with weeds.  
Guineth!

**GUINETH**

*(To guests)*

Friends, welcome all.

*(Enter ARMEL)*

**ARMEL**

Guineth, my wife!

**GUINETH**

Call me not wife.

**ARMEL**

Do you not wear my wreath?

**GUINETH**

Wait till the vows are made before the altar.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

YVES

*(To the servants)*

Ho, bring the candles, for each guest a candle!

*(Exeunt servants. A chatter of talk among the guests.)*

And music! Fetch Rodic, our druid player.

ARMEL

Your wreath, Guineth, where is the wreath of roses?

PERRONIK

*(Picking up the flowers)*

Alack, the wreath! A wreath of foam. Bitter white roses sown by ghosts. Look you, myself I could cut quainter flowers from the altar-candles.

YVES

Brat, hold your peace.

*(Enter RODIC and the musicians. YVES points out RODIC to ARMEL)*

A half-tamed curious fellow

But with a sort of wild philosophy

That rings at times like wisdom. He plays well.

RODIC

Sir, I shall play to-night as never yet.

PERRONIK

Will you play for the ancient gods or for gold or for me?

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**RODIC**

I'll play for her.

**ARMEL**

(To GUINETH)

The wreath?

**GUINETH**

When Margot bound

These pearls among my braids, the garland fell

(Perchance 't was overladen with your joy),

And the ripe roses lost their weight of petals.

*(Servants bring trays upon which are small lighted tapers, one for each person. They are set upon the sideboard. Enter next, in their characteristic costumes, flat felt hats, dangling velvet ribbons, wide trousers, yellow-embroidered vests, the BAZVALEN and BREUTAER, whose business it is to carry on a wordy mock contest.)*

**YVES**

Friends, listen to the merry contest now

Between our bazvalen and breutaer;

The bazvalen, brave champion of our bride,

The breutaer, his keen antagonist.

*(With a murmur of expectancy the guests divide themselves on two sides of the room, leaving the champions in the center. FERRONIK slips*

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## THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

*among the people, looking inquiringly in each one's face. He finally takes up his station by ARMEL, studying his face, unabashed, as a child might do. ARMEL displays in dumb show annoyance and embarrassment as the contest proceeds.)*

### BAZVALEN

The thunder of the sea round Tal-Yvern  
Outroars the tumult of your own La Torche;  
So will the words of Guineth's champion  
Outdo the quick retort of Armel's man.

### BREUTAER

The flashing of the sunshine on the sea  
Fares farther than the booming of the wave,  
And lightning, sibilant sword-stroke of the storm,  
Availeth more than thunder's tempest voice.

*(Applause.)*

### BAZVALEN

But the soft sunshine of the lady's smile  
Conquers more men than blade or battle cry.

*(Applause and a minute of general talk. Then a sudden hush out of which unexpectedly LE NOUËT's sole voice rises.)*

### LE NOUËT

And then, Fantik, I blushed —

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

ALL

*(Laughing)*

Fantik, he blushed.

*(There is a minute's talk and again a hush. The faint sound of waves is heard washing up against the sea-wall. It is heard from this time continuously, but with increasing force.)*

GUINETH

Hark to the sea! Like a wild beast it roars.

YVES

Dance ye and drown the anger of the sea.

PERRONIK

The dance, the dance! Some dance with Tronkolaine  
In the Land-of-the-Rising-Sun —

*(Music begins, couples form. A stately measure is commenced.)*

GUINETH

*(To RODIC)*

Your music now!

ARMEL

Guineth, your hand!

*(GUINETH and ARMEL take places, hand in hand, and dance.)*

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

PERRONIK

And some will dance in heaven  
A passe-pied with the mortal sins that are seven.  
(GUINETH stops, listening to PERRONIK's voice.)

ARMEL

The simpleton! Guineth, how bright you are  
In the light badoise, you, star and front of all.

PERRONIK

But I shall dance with dead men under the sea!

GUINETH

(*Shivering, she stops*)  
I do not like this dance, too slow the measure.  
Now the gavotte! Who follows? I shall lead  
The court of Aven such a merry dance  
That ye shall all cry mercy, by my troth.  
(*The music changes. They begin the gavotte.*)

GUINETH

(*Stopping*)  
The music should be different — so — and so —  
(*She hums. RODIC strums on his violin in unison.*  
GUINETH leaves ARMEL and approaches RODIC.)

RODIC

Thus, lady?

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**ARMEL**

*(Sullenly)*

I'll instruct the fellow.

**YVES**

*(Gently)*

Nay.

**ARMEL**

I'll have it not!

**GUINETH**

*(To ARMEL)*

A broken fiddle-string.

Do you not note the flaw within the music,  
Like some dark welt across a golden canvas,  
Or leaf to stem misplaced in some fair pattern?

**RODIC**

Lady Guineth, your ear is well-attuned.

*(The music of the gavotte begins again.)*

**GUINETH**

*(Taking ARMEL's hand for the dance)*

Now for the gay gavotte! One — two, one — two.

**ARMEL**

I do not like that black-browed druid fellow;  
The devil's in his eye.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**  
*(Coaxingly)*

But there's an angel

Within his bow.

*(They dance. All dance.)*

**ARMEL**

*(As the dance comes to a close)*

Thou art my only angel.

Sir Yves, I wax impatient for the mass.

Please you to send a servant for your chaplain.

**GUINETH**

Nay, but the wine and candles. First, the feast!

*(The servants bring the table, spread for the banquet.*

*All sit down. GUINETH and ARMEL face down stage. YVES and FANTIK are at the ends. PER-  
RONIK on a footstool between YVES and GUINETH.  
Music continues and the sound of the sea is  
heard.)*

**YVES**

Armel, we drink to you.

*(GUINETH does not lift her glass.)*

Guineth, you drink not?

**GUINETH**

*(Looking to BODIC)*

To my heart's love, long life! And now the next!

Bring me the glasses and one more for him,



---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

Rodic, the master player, that the wine  
May stream and gleam along the marriage music  
Like fire along the heather.

*(A servant standing by her side, GUINETH fills two glasses. She holds up one she has filled, looking at it.)*

**YVES**

Ninety years  
This wine hath mellowed in the royal cellars.

**GUINETH**

*(Takes up an empty goblet)*  
And ninety summers glow within its heart  
Blood-red as poppies, yet more marvelous far,  
Methinks, this empty goblet, hundred-hued  
And fragile as a bubble in the sun.  
But look!

*(Suddenly, as if in alarm, she looks away, across the hall. The guests look in the same direction, up stage, away from the table. All heads being averted, she empties her vial into the two glasses.)*

**PERRONIK**

*(To RODIC)*

Watch what she does!

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

YVES

*(To GUINETH as the guests return to their glasses after the momentary confusion)*

What saw you, daughter?

GUINETH

'T was the arras

Blown, as I thought, within the candle flame,  
But the quick gust, repentant, caught it back.

*(GUINETH gives one of the glasses that she has just filled to the servant. He approaches the sideboard and hesitates.)*

Yes, set it there.

*(To RODIC)* Rodic, the wine is yours.

RODIC

I thank you, lady.

I drink not now.

GUINETH

Not now but afterwards.

*(ARMEL has taken up the poisoned wine which GUINETH set down for herself. GUINETH, suddenly seeing him, snatches the glass away.)*

Sir Armel! but that glass is mine, is mine.

YVES

Guineth!

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**ARMEL**

*(As if to a child)*

I will not steal her pretty goblet.

**GUINETH**

It was my mother's cup and so I love it.

**YVES**

Now the last toast and sweetest, to Guineth!

*(The music stops.)*

**ALL**

Guineth, Guineth!

*(GUINETH holds her glass untouched. After all have drunk, she speaks.)*

**GUINETH**

The bride-cup is for all save me the bride.

May I drink afterwards?

**ARMEL**

*(Misunderstanding)*

Sweetest and last!

The children's game.

**RODIC**

*(As if to himself)*

The game is not yet played.

He wins who stakes the highest, unafraid.

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**ARMEL**

What mean you, fellow?

**RODIC**

'T is a rune I say,

To bring the bar of music to my mind  
When I forget, as swimmers in the sea,  
Their strength forspent, will catch at any waif  
To draw them portward.

**YVES**

'T is a rune, you say!

What follows, then?

**GUINETH**

I know the verse that follows,  
He wins who plays the highest unafraid,  
And love 's the light that leads both man and maid.  
*(Music continues.)*

**ARMEL**

Aye, love 's the thing. Here 's to the bridal night.  
*(All drink except GUINETH and RODIC.)*

**GUINETH**

Hark to the rising waves.

**PERRONIK**

They are coming, coming!

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**ARMEL**

How grim a neighbor is the sea to you  
In this your desolate marsh-bound neck of land,  
Like him who walked beside that king of old  
With finger laid on lip and whispered "Death!"  
*(The sound of the sea subsides, but not entirely.)*

**YVES**

And yet the sea brings also health and wealth,  
Pouring an affluent stream into our *landes*,  
When at low tide we set ajar the gates  
And the tired water washes to our lap  
Her leathery harvest of brown dulse and kelp,  
Crisp shell and ragged seaweed, savourous  
Of rich sea-essence and fertility.  
This is the autumnal high tide of the year.  
And when the tide swells to its utmost bourne  
The sea-wall trembles and the sea-gate shakes  
And even this our castle seems to rock  
As if a mighty and importunate host  
Thundered their batteries at our very door.

**GUINETH**

What if, to-night, the sea-gate should be shattered?

**YVES**

Then only Christ himself could save us all.

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

GUINETH

What, even here?

*(The sound of the sea.)*

YVES

The city of Quimp-Aven,  
Tower and castle, ladies, knaves and knights,  
Would lie beneath a seethe of turbulent billows.

*(All cry out in horror.)*

But one key only will unlock the gate  
And I alone have mastery of the key.

*(He holds up the key on its chain, which depends  
from his belt. PERRONIK, seated on the footstool  
by his knee, eyes it curiously.)*

GUINETH

I would hold the key a moment.

*(YVES gives it to her across the table.)*

It is heavy.

YVES

It is no amulet, no lady's charm.  
Aye, heavy doom is moulded out of this.

*(GUINETH lays it down by her plate.)*

PERRONIK

*(Taking the key)*

It is a pretty thing! If it were mine

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

I'd hug it savagely, like a wolf-mother  
Howling alone —

*(The servants bring lighted tapers and set them by  
the plates.)*

**YVES**

Here's candle-prophecy.

Whose burns the brightest hath the happiest heart,  
Whose longest burns will have most numerous years  
And whose is first extinguished, first is dead.

*(All watch their candles silently. While they are  
so doing, PERRONIK, clasping the great key, half-  
crouches, half - runs backward, and reaches the  
balcony door. He slips behind the tapestry and  
opens the door. The wind rushes in and a louder  
sound of the sea. The wind extinguishes, all to-  
gether, the candles. The guests cry out.)*

**GUESTS**

Gone out!

**LE NOUËT**

How passing strange!

**GUINETH**

And all together

As if in answer to an unseen signal!

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

YVES

Together to be summoned from this life!  
A fairer fellowship was never fabled.

VOICE

*(Singing outside)*

When the Wine of Life is rosy  
(Wine undrunk is sweeter still),  
Men and maidens, drink it, drink it,  
Drink your fill.

Bitter are the drops ye spill  
(Wine undrunk is sweeter still).

*(GUINETH rises, listening. All listen. The voice grows fainter, as of some one receding.)*

SINGING VOICE

On the bushes, roses red  
(In the graveyard, roses),  
See, they burn like flames of fire!  
Roses, roses, roses.

*(The music stops with the singing voice. All look surprised. A little faint clapping commences. GUINETH hushes it.)*

GUINETH

Hush, hush! It was too spirit-like for noise.



---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**ARMEL**

*(To YVES, as all rise)*

Sir, to the chapel?

**GUINETH**

But the priest, the priest!

**YVES**

*(To ARMEL)*

Armél, I crave your pardon for delay.

My daughter has a fairy's blood, I think.

She is full of strangenesses and fantasies.

It was her mother's mood before her birth —

*(God rest her blessed soul!)*

*(All cross themselves.)*

Sir, I will send

Le Nouët for the chaplain of our house.

**LE NOUËT**

He lies abed with a sickness of the heart.

**YVES**

But he will come. Go, fetch the father to us.

*(Exit LE NOUËT, shaking his head. The servants noiselessly remove the table with its glasses and candlesticks.)*

Daughter Guineth, now is your time to ask

The bridal gift that barons of our line

Grant to their daughters on the bridal eve.

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

GUINETH

Now is my time?

(*She looks at RODIC.*)

YVES

Ask, wisely, O Guineth!

GUINETH

(*Looking significantly toward RODIC*)

A little time to think! Play, play, Rodic!

(*Music commences.*)

Why, I am dazzled by the greatness of it,  
As if one looked the sun straight in the eye,  
I am blinded by unleashed imagination;  
It pours a furious glory.

YVES

Child, your wish,

And this last wish is law.

GUINETH

What do I wish?

(*RODIC gives his first signal on the violin. It is heeded by GUINETH, but unnoticed by the others. Almost immediately comes an onrush of noise from the sea. A slight commotion in the room and exclamations.*)

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**ALL**

*(In confusion)*

**Ah, ah!**

**YVES**

**The thunder of the autumn tide!**

**SINGING VOICE**

*(Faint and far away)*

**Little swift folk from the sea,**

**Calling, calling, calling**

**(Pale eyes shining, long hair twining),**

**Come, love, carry me.**

*(The noise of the sea waxes continually louder and nearer.)*

**YVES**

**It is the simpleton.**

*(He goes toward the balcony window.)*

**GUINETH**

**Nay, do not look!**

**'T is like a disembodied spirit's voice.**

**SINGING VOICE**

*(Coming nearer)*

**Little wild folk from the sea,**

**Calling, calling, calling**

**(Cold arms dripping, white feet slipping),**

**Come, love, bury me.**

*(Enter PERRONIK, dragging by the hand LE NOUËT)*

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

YVES

(To LE NOUËT)

What is it? Speak out.

GUINETH

(To herself)

It is some dreadful thing.

YVES

(To LE NOUËT)

Where is he, then, this priest?

LE NOUËT

Sir, ask me not.

*(He pulls to free himself from PERRONIK, who still holds his hand.)*

He dragged me in.

*(LE NOUËT seems terror-stricken.)*

PERRONIK

Sire, I will give his message.

*(He approaches YVES and kneels. Then, as if with changed purpose, goes to GUINETH.)*

Nay, I will speak to no one but to her.

*(He whispers to GUINETH. She totters, almost faints.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**RODIC**

*(Still playing)*

Look to the lady!

*(ARMEI catches her.)*

**FANTIK**

You 'd think she harked to Death.

**GUINETH**

There is nought to fear in Death, in piteous Death.

**YVES**

The message, daughter, and then, before the priest,  
Yea, in his presence, speak your gentle wish,  
One he may listen to and sanctify.

**GUINETH**

He may not listen to any wish or message,  
Not mine or yours.

*(She bows her head and crosses herself.)*

**ALL**

The priest is —

*(ALL understand and cross themselves.)*

**YVES**

*(Muttering)*

God in heaven!

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

LE NOUËT

*(Nodding)*

It happened thus. Even as he rose to obey,  
He fell like this, his arms out like a cross  
(God rest his soul!) 'T was palsy cardiac.

PERRONIK

*(Gayly)*

Never mind to moan and mourn. We all must go  
And the dead dance merrily.

*(Noise of the sea.)*

ARMEL

The other priest, —

“Who lends a kingliness to each ceremony —”

PERRONIK

I know the one. He 's Mother Ankou's brother.  
He 's fishing now for a dead soul out at sea.  
He holloed to me very far away.  
He will come at midnight.

ARMEL

Fortune haste the hour.

What, eh, Guineth?!

---

THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH

---

YVES

Now to forget this shadow.

A goodly man passed to a goodly rest,  
Your wish, Guineth, seasoned with this brief shadow,  
Will shine the richer, like a ripened fruit.

*(RODIC continues playing softly, his eyes fixed on  
GUINETH, and suddenly gives the second signal, a  
strange hush breaking in upon the flaring music.)*

GUINETH

I ask a little gift, not over-much.  
Nay, if you gave me Babylon, or Rome  
Or all the pearls upon a thousand coasts  
Or all the gardens of Semiramis,  
It were not half so greatly to my mind,

*(Great noise of the sea.)*

As —

*(A great roar of wind-swept ocean drowns her voice.)*  
Hark, the waves!

PERRONIK

They beat not like her heart,  
Not half as passionately, despairingly.

GUINETH

I ask — Take pity on me, friends, and swear  
You will help him to fulfill the solemn oath!

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

YVES

I need no help.

PERRONIK

We all of us need fulfillment of our vows. Some swear by blood, some by salt tears and some few by laughter which is sadder than tears.

*(RODIC gives the third signal.)*

GUINETH

Father, I ask this thing.

I ask — not to be hungry any more.

I have hungered since I was a little child

And my sweet mother left me. I have been

A changeling and a beggar and an alien,

A wanderer without a country here.

I went a-hungry. No one gave to eat,

Until one came —

*(RODIC stops playing and lays down his violin. He appears still to be guiding the musicians, but is slowly approaching GUINETH.)*

YVES

Guineth, what gift, what gift?

GUINETH

Father, I ask for leave to love and live,

I ask to speak the truth, to live the truth,



---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

I ask the satisfaction of my hunger.

I ask for love, for love, for love — and truth.

*(She holds out her arms to RODIC, who enfolds her.  
There follows so great a roar from the sea that  
the musicians stop playing and all are visibly  
alarmed.)*

**PERRONIK**

Little wild folk from the sea,  
Calling, calling, calling —

**FANTIK**

*(Hysterically)*

The sea, the sea, I am afraid.

*(YVES and ARMEL, both in anger and amaze,  
approach the lovers, who separate, but GUINETH  
clings to RODIC's arm.)*

**YVES**

You mummer,  
You — druid — harlequin of the wilderness.

**FANTIK**

*(More wildly)*

The sea, the sea, I am afraid.

*(The cry is taken up from outside.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**VOICES**

*(In the street)*

The sea, the sea!

*(There is a maddened rush of the courtiers for doors  
and windows.)*

**GUINETH**

*(To RODIC)*

Play, play, my lover.

*(RODIC goes to his platform. The musicians play  
solemnly.)*

**YVES**

*(Raising his two hands to calm the people)*

Calm yourselves, good friends,

I'll send my watchmen out to watch the gate.

*(He fumbles for the key at his belt and finds it  
missing.)*

The key, the key! Guineth!

**GUINETH**

I do not know.

**ARMEL**

*(In shrill terror, hurling aside two ladies who cling to him)*

Betrayed!

*(He makes for the stairway, followed by a group of  
people.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**PERRONIK**

*(Indignantly)*

Run, run,

You noble bridegroom, save yourself the first.

*(ARMEL pauses.)*

**YVES**

*(Looking)*

The great iron key. She took it from my hand.

**FANTIK**

She held it in the dance.

*(A great roar of water.)*

**ALL**

*(Threateningly)*

Guineth, Guineth!

**YVES**

The gate is open. The sea-gate is open!

And death pours in upon us. Who hath done it?

*(A silence. Each one looks to his neighbor.)*

**ARMEL**

*(Freeing himself roughly from his neighbors)*

Nay, let me go.

*(Exit ARMEL. FANTIK discovers from the water on the floor that the sea is creeping inside. She lifts her slippered foot to feel of the sole.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**FANTIK**

Jesu, the floor is swimming.

*(Others look downward, then drop to their knees in prayer, as a church bell clangs warningly from outside. ARMEL, by the same door he went from, returns, slamming it behind him.)*

**GUINETH**

A wild beast 's on your track?

**PERRONIK**

The bells of Is!

**ARMEL**

*(Chattering)*

A beast! A greater horror! Sea climbs up  
Behind me!

**YVES**

Trapped. We are trapped. Whose is the deed?

**PERRONIK**

*(Swinging into the center with the great key in his hand)*  
Sir, I have done it! I!

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**GUINETH**

No!

**YVES**

You!

**ALL**

You!

**PERRONIK**

Aye, truly, sir, I let the children in,  
I brought the White-Skirts with their bridal gifts  
For our dear lady.

*(The church bells clang again outside.)*

Hark, the bells of Is!

*(The bells echo faintly as from caverns under-sea.  
All rush to the windows and doors, showing great  
fear, some huddling together, some kneeling, some  
clinging to YVES, some to GUINETH. The music  
keeps on solemnly playing.)*

**LE NOUËT**

*(At the window)*

There 's a boat below us.

*(A rope is flung up. YVES catches it.)*

**YVES**

'T is the priest has come!

The rope, the rope! I have it. We are saved.

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

FANTIK

*(Trying to climb out)*

Oh, help me!

LADY

Help me first.

RODIC

*(Leaving the musicians)*

Play on, my fellows.

*(He assists the people to escape, one by one.)*

GUINETH

Good friends, fear not, there is room for every one.

YVES

God, how the water rises!

*(Frantically to the musicians)*

Stop the music.

RODIC

*(He aids in lifting a lady)*

Sir, let the music strike the note of courage.

Music hath power even in the uttermost hour.

PERRONIK

*(Sings)*

Little swift folk from the sea,

Calling, calling, calling

---

*THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH*

---

(Pale eyes shining, long hair twining),

Come, love, carry me.

Lady Guineth, are you glad?

YVES

*(To GUINETH as most of the people have been lifted down into the barge)*

Child, as you love your life, leap to the boat.

GUINETH

Nay, I will be the last to leave.

RODIC

Come, love.

GUINETH

These first.

*(She beckons to the musicians. There is a great cry from below.)*

VOICES

Push off, push off!

*(The musicians drop their instruments and run to the window, crowding each other. YVES tugs in vain to hold the rope against the strength of those below who are striving to push off. RODIC takes it from him.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**RODIC**

Slowly, take care.

*(He controls his men, till the last one has disappeared. GUINETH, RODIC, PERRONIK, YVES are now alone in the room. RODIC springs to the balcony-edge and looks down.)*

There are yet two places in the boat, Sir Yves.

**YVES**

For you and her.

**RODIC**

Nay, sire.

**YVES**

My daughter, now!

*(He kisses her and would lift her to the boat.)*

**GUINETH**

Whether I go or stay, it is with *him*.

**YVES**

Truly?

**PERRONIK**

Aye, "truly" is the word to-night.



---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**RODIC**

Oh, haste, the sea rocks and the barge puts off.

*(He takes YVES by the arm.)*

**GUINETH**

Father, I beg!

**YVES**

Then must it be — farewell.

Rodic, you have borne yourself like a prince of the blood.

*(GUINETH and RODIC force YVES to take his place in the overladen barge. He raises his hands in despair.)*

My children.

**GUINETH**

Father!

*(The boat with its occupants disappears from view in the darkness.)*

Ah, they all are saved!

*(Fragmentary cries and the counts of the rowers are heard.)*

**CRIES**

*(Fainter and fainter)*

Guineth — Guineth — Guineth — Ah, lost — lost — lost.

*(RODIC and GUINETH, hand in hand, stand entranced, listening.)*

---

**THE MARRIAGE OF GUINETH**

---

**PERRONIK**

**Lady Guineth, 't is they are lost, not we.**

*(The swaying surface of the brimming sea now rises and is visible almost on a level with the window-edge. The dark blue outline of the antique barge is seen far away, against a rift of moon-lighted sky. With arms outspread in the attitude of a swimmer, PERRONIK chants.)*

**PERRONIK**

**My little sisters I come, I hear your call,  
Good night, sweet lady!**

*(He plunges into the water.)*

**GUINETH**

*(As she is enfolded in RODIC's embrace)*

**Love, to Death and thee!**

*(The water surges into the room and extinguishes all the lights. Far away the light of the barge twinkles, is extinguished.)*



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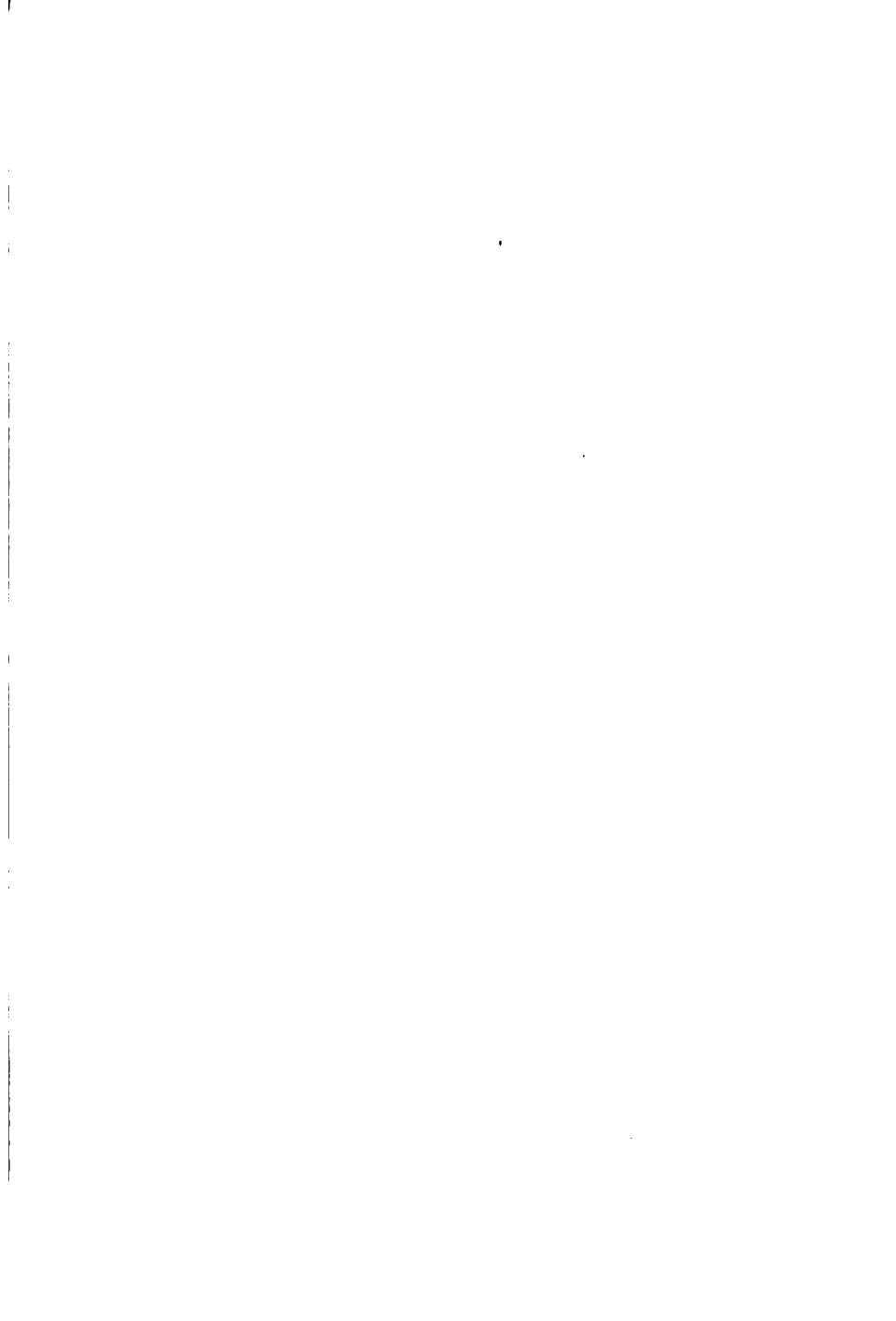
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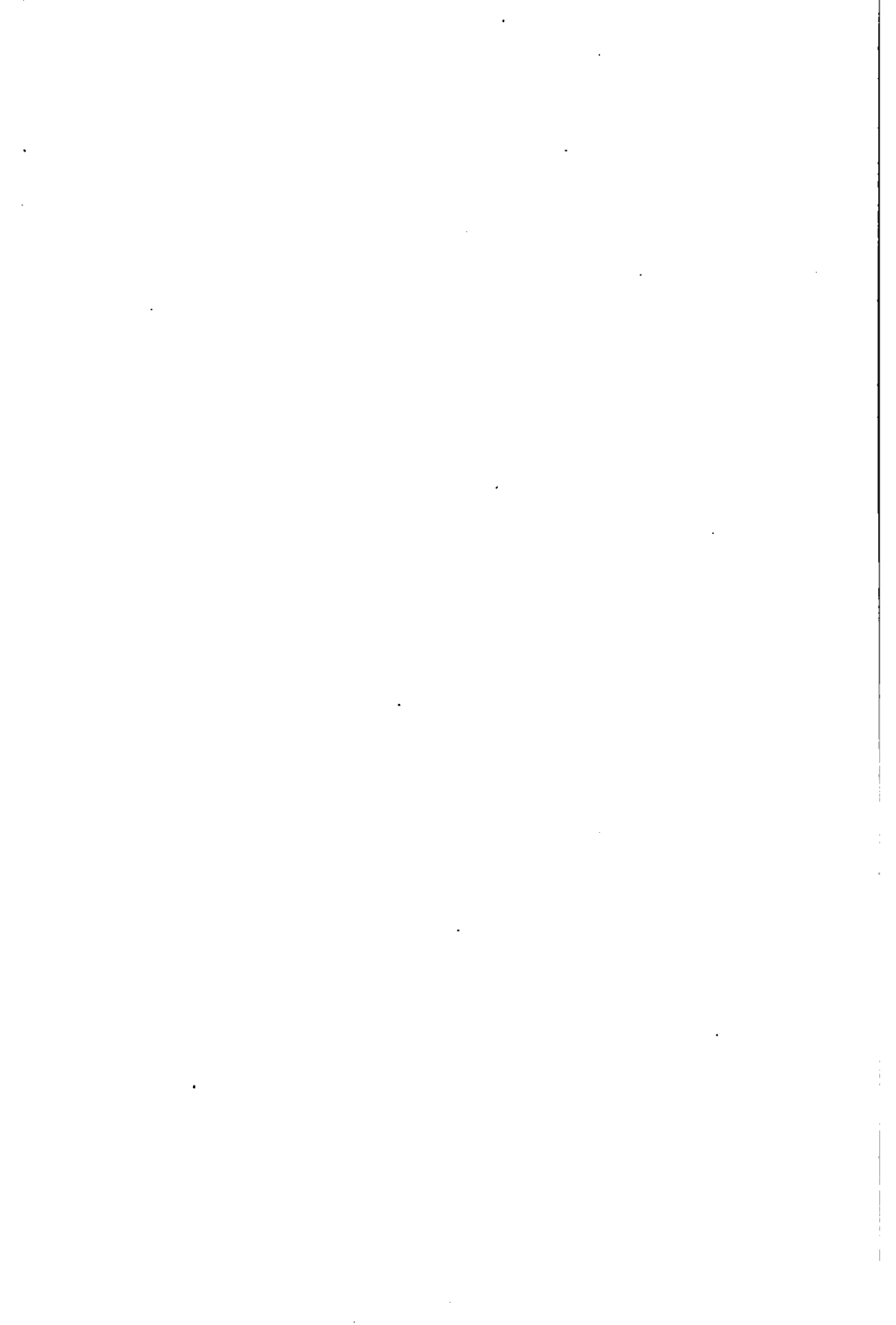
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